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Sanderson executives fly, between them, a hundred thousand miles or more a year. The purpose of these trips is to keep in the closest touch with markets overseas, and to maintain personal contact with the firm's many friends abroad. And wherever they go, they look for new trends in styling and colour to keep the Sanderson range in tune with contemporary thinking.



For a hundred years people who care about their surroundings have been turning to Sanderson for the best in decoration. What began as one small warehouse is now an enterprise which influences contemporary living everywhere. Many a home ten thousand and more miles from Berners Street owes something of its elegance and originality to Sanderson—thanks to a flourishing group of Sanderson Companies overseas, whose sales add substantially to Britain's export figures. And in Britain itself there is now a Sanderson branch or dealer on nearly everyone's doorstep. Appropriately enough, it is in this, their centenary year, that Sandersons are opening their new headquarters shown below. This splendid building has been designed to provide perfect conditions for choosing wallpapers, fabrics and paints. Here, in the next hundred years, many new trends in home-decoration will begin.

A CENTURY OF

The new Sanderson building in Berners Street is more than just a handsome addition to London's townscape—it houses a permanent and ever-changing exhibition of ideas in decoration. In the entrance hall is a large stained glass panel designed by John Piper and executed by Patrick Reyntiens. The monolithic stone fountain and the water way in the garden, together with the mosaics, are the works of Jupp Dernbach. Beverley Pick, F.S.I.A., acted as Design Consultant in connection with the interior decoration and displays. Architects: Slater & Uren, F.F.R.I.B.A. Contractors: Holloway Bros. (London) Ltd.





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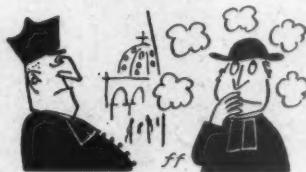
*For overseas rates see page 242
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The London Charivari

TO-DAY already 14·7 per cent of the population are of pensionable age; by 1988, 18 per cent will be. This may be unwelcome news to the very young, on whose shoulders the burden will eventually rest; but for the middle-aged it is rather cheering. They will not, like their fathers, become isolated and have to try to curry favour with the young, painfully readjusting their tastes and trying to learn new ways and a new language. They will belong to a sizeable age-group, one big enough to have their favour curried by politicians, advertisers, gramophone companies and even the young. They will always have enough contemporaries around to enjoy a cosy feeling of belonging to their world. They may even get television programmes devised for them. Roll on 1988.

No Roman Holidays

ROMAN Catholic priests, under new articles, must not frequent bars, attend political meetings, join financial or artistic associations or smoke in



public, and will be strictly rationed and supervised in their car-driving, theatre-going and radio and TV consumption. Next thing, they'll be told they mustn't be played in films by Bing Crosby.

Encore, Encore

FOLLOWERS of gossip columns are bound to admire the skilful public guidance offered on matrimonial events from day to day, and will sympathize



with the *Mail's* man last week, who had to apologize for having referred to a celebrity's "second wife" when the fact was that he'd only married his first wife again.

Chalk It Up Again

THE alarming news—in a report circulated by the Ministry of Housing—that Beachy Head will soon "virtually disappear" has been promptly squashed by a local patriot who rousingly rebuts such defeatism. The Eastbourne borough surveyor cries: "There will always be a Beachy Head." Bravo! The only question is: *where?* Wouldn't this be a good opportunity to resite this perishable asset of the tourist trade a bit farther from the sea, in a spot more accessible to our American friends? With a permanent safety-net for visitors with ulterior motives?

Our Oldest Ally

IN these days of subliminal advertising and bottle-throwing isn't it about time that the vintners of Portugal complained to Trinidad about the civic



"The devil of it is I'm supposed to be pacing someone walking from Land's End to John o' Groats."

title Port of Spain? Port as every schoolboy knows came from Oporto in Portugal, and nowhere else. How would the Spaniards like it if the next Test were played at "Sherry of Portugal"? Or for that matter in the lobby of the Sherry Netherland hotel?

Whole or Scrambled?

THE American equivalent of the Egg Marketing Board does not waste time stamping heraldic patterns on egg shells. As far as I can see it is trying to abolish egg shells altogether, for it is now considering these ideas for popularizing eggs: egg-coated cereals, eggs in aerosol containers, raw eggs in transparent sachets, eggs in hard-boiled sticks, and eggs in squeeze tubes. We who in the late war grew to look on "shell eggs" as an enchanting novelty will take a good deal of brain-washing before we eat processed eggs again. Besides, it's not going to be much fun squirting tube eggs at politicians.

Musts

THE Joneses take more and more keeping up with. Now a man in Los Angeles has advertised his desire for a creative situation at a salary enabling him to have psycho-analysis. The couch having taken its place with the car and the television set as one of the things no self-respecting citizen can be without, one looks for to-morrow's

targets of unimpeachability. How about a public relations officer, a take-over transfer contract, and an autobiography?

Last Man Wins

WITH most newspapers carrying a daily story about traffic delays, one of the commonest assignments is getting to be "Take your car and drive from Fleet Street to Marble Arch." Obviously a brisk trip has no news value. The reporter who once prided himself on arriving promptly at the scene of murders now has to master a new technique, lagging at the lights, getting lost, hugging the curb, waving on the men from rival papers and, perhaps, even running out of petrol.

A Day at the Races

THERE may be complications if Sir Leslie Plummer gets his bill "to make it an offence to insult publicly or conspire to insult publicly any person or persons because of their race or religion" on to the Statute Book. Mr. Peter Hall will find himself in the dock each time he conspires to put on *Othello* at Stratford and Mr. Michael Benthall whenever he conspires to produce *The Merchant of Venice* at the Old Vic. Schoolboys will have to omit whole lines from *Gunga Din*. And I foresee afternoons at Twickenham when entire standfuls of spectators are



"The worst suggestion I've heard is we should work on commission."

THE REAPPEARANCE OF

A. J. WENTWORTH

Next week, under the title "Have B.A. — Will Travel," H. F. ELLIS begins a new series of twelve episodes in the career of A. J. Wentworth, sometime assistant master at Burgrove Preparatory School.

marched away by the law for shouting "B—— Welshmen!" (or Scotchmen, or Frenchmen, as the case may be).

Irish Bull?

AN Irishman conditionally discharged on appeal, after having been sentenced in a lower court to five years in the nick for larceny of explosives, told reporters "My faith in British justice is restored." This must be the first time since the Battle of the Boyne that an Irishman has ever allowed in public that he *had* any faith in British justice.

Tourist Attraction

THE discovery that the tower of Big Ben is leaning four inches out of true, besides providing a fresh piece of political symbolism for hard-worked cartoonists, suggests new possibilities for "Come to Britain" advertisements. Let it go a bit further, and we shall have an attraction to rival Pisa; Little Venice can be hotted up in the same way; next time there's a steel surplus we can build an Eiffel tower; and so on until every major European attraction can be seen just as well in London. Public-spirited property speculators have already taken a leaf out of Rome's book by providing us with a lot of half-demolished theatres.

Practical Minds

THAT report disclosing immense periods of waiting by people sent for trial and locked up in the meantime seemed at first glance a splendid blow for the unjustly oppressed. Then it spoilt everything in making its chief point—that until this state of affairs was remedied we should never get the best use out of available gaol accommodation.

Once a Tycoon . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS of financiers stepping into Black Marias have a dramatically diminishing effect on their impressiveness . . . until bail is granted in some such sum as £40,000.

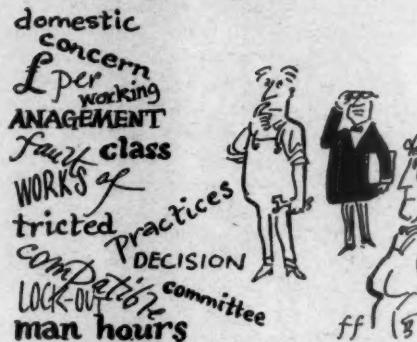
—MR. PUNCH



*"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door . . . "*

Little Brief Authority

"Who are the Masters Now?"



Martyrs of the Union Machine - By Sir Miles Thomas

THE little man seems to be pushed around perpetually between two constantly warring factors known as employers and employees. Will this conflict never end? Don't think I'm cynical when I say that I doubt if it will. It is a growing pain of industrial democracy.

Let me go back to square one, as I have done so often in talks across the table with my trade union friends. I make the simple assertion that the employer wants to get as much work for the money as he can; the employee wants to get as much money for the work as he can. Somewhere the problem has to be equated, but there are a number of factors in it, including time, the outside temperature, the availability of labour and the vehemence of the talk.

Meanwhile the little man is shoved around.

His son, maybe, would like to be a skilled craftsman so that he can earn money to keep a future wife and children. But the unions say "No, already we have too many trainees. We can't allow the market to be weakened by too much dilution." There are other restrictive practices, most of them only logically supportable when the supply of labour grossly exceeds the demand.

Yet the main forces that push the little man around do not stem from restrictive practices. They emanate from sources that are heartily disliked by the elder statesmen of the trade union movement.

British trade unions have nine to ten million members—two-fifths of the working population. Add wives and

families, and you have a total of some thirty million people. That is quantitatively a large section of the populace. In qualitative terms you must include nearly one hundred Members of Parliament who are sponsored and fortified by the trade union movement. Add several highly respected national figures, peers of the realm and others, and you cannot disregard the fact that organized labour represents a great concentration of power. It is the power that influences the levels of wage rates and working conditions for about four-fifths of the British working population.

It is also obvious that in this conglomeration of people there must be a sizeable percentage of little guys.

In 1958 the number of working days lost in major disputes was about 3,500,000. The number of workers involved was about half a million, which, although under 2½ per cent of the working force, is still a large number of people to suffer discomfort and disruption of their daily lives.

The year before—in 1957—the disturbance due to major strikes was even greater. It caused the loss of 8,500,000 working days. That was the post-war peak.

Clearly, disruptions of this magnitude cannot take place without upsetting the lives and livelihoods of thousands of little guys in the unions, as well as those outside. There is, in fact, a tremendous amount of internal pushing around in the trade union movement itself.

I wouldn't be a trade union leader for all the tea in China. He has to gain the favour of his mass of members. If

he doesn't, he loses his job, and it's not easy for him to get another, even though the pay is far from princely and the privileges few. You can see the image of a trade union leader on your television screen when there is a strike. He seldom looks happy. Valiantly he tries to steer between the Scylla of enough bombast to please his followers and the Charybdis of alienating the sympathy of the public and the understanding of the employers whom he is trying to persuade to make concessions.

His task, year by year, is getting harder. A couple of decades ago it was regarded as a black mark against a works manager to have a strike on his hands. To-day, provided the occurrence is not too frequent, the obloquy is much less. Equally, it used to be thought a splendid personal thing for a trade union leader to lead a strike. That glamour, too, has gone.

Maybe the first weeks—during which pay-back of P.A.Y.E. and perhaps some arrears of wages come to the men on strike to eke out strike money—are not so bad. But the authority of the trade union leaders gets smaller and briefer. After three weeks or so the men become surly. Their wives dislike having them at home under their feet; arrears of instalments on television sets, washing-machines—and maybe cars—hang heavily round their necks. They murmur against officials who are not getting results, and begin to push them around.

The employers, for their part, find that strikes, because of high rates of tax on profits, don't make quite such a dismal dent in the balance sheet as

before, and are not in so much of a hurry to get them settled. The recent steel strike in America is a case in point. In our own country no dramatic urge is usually shown by the arbitration authorities to enter the arena early. The principle of the "cooling off" period is becoming more widely recognized.

Thus time drags on. Who's being pushed around now? Obviously, more and more, in increasingly dizzy circles, it is the little man.

He's entitled to ask why. In far more cases than is realized the cause of a strike is that blessed characteristic of principle, not just money. Far away are the days of the Tolpuddle martyrs and their descendants, who raised the status of the worker from being a wage slave or a "hand" or lower form of human life, sweating it out in the dark satanic mills, to a labourer worthy of his hire and rightly respected.

But the principles of rectitude have in many cases badly overswung. Forgive me for quoting American instances, but I am writing this in America, where strikes are fiercer, more bitter and usually longer. Here the little guy, as well as being pushed around, sometimes gets shot if he gets in the way.

Take the situation on railroads. The union rules were made in the days when steam trains ran at twelve miles an hour and a stretch of one hundred miles was a good day's work for driver and firemen. But the faster-moving modern diesel, which doesn't need stoking, usually has to carry the same crew, and you get the incongruous sight of "firemen" sitting in a comfortably upholstered seat on a diesel engine, not even encouraged to blow the whistle. Yet when attempts are made to try to rationalize that situation the strike threat immediately raises its head.

There are examples in other industries and on our side of the Atlantic. In one steel works the crane drivers operating the ore conveyors had a rate fixed which, relative to the tonnage of ore then handled, brought them in an original wage in line with the run of the mill.

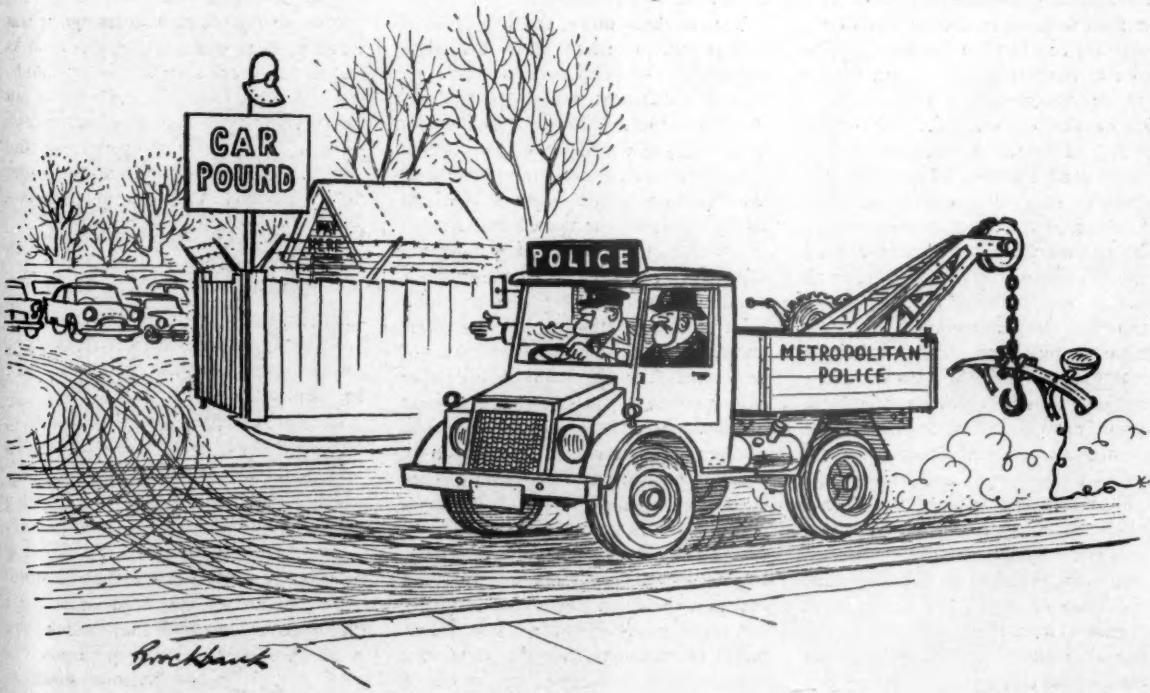
To-day, because of a vast increase in the throughput of ore, alterations of the docking system and crane capacity and general plan of activity, these men are earning up to £50 a week for what cannot be called a super-skilled or arduous task. Yet, although their mates in the works do not get anything like these wages, they would all actively sacrifice themselves to strike action if

any attempt were made to reduce these old-established rates. What is here dressed in authority that is neither brief nor little is the principle that wage rates, once fixed, shall not be altered downwards without almost cataclysmic changes in the job.

Someone once suggested that shop stewards, those focal points of collective representation, should wear distinctive uniforms. There is no need for that. Nature has cast them in distinctive moulds that make them recognizable a mile off not only to their mates and the management but to the trade union officials as well.

They are the militant ginger men, frequently a pain in the necks of the higher trades unionists, who prefer a quiet tempo of squabble-free industry to the brouhaha of stompings on the shop floor.

The exercise of little brief authority by shop stewards can bring forth bitter criticism from their "mates" higher up. In the November issue of a journal which is published by Industrial Research and Information Services Ltd., for "100 per cent democratic and informed trade unionism" one may read, apropos a strike that had recently occurred, that it was ill-fated, senseless





"What's it like in?"

and futile. They go on to say that "if an employer had acted in such an arbitrary manner the whole trade union movement, especially the most vocal section, would have been up in arms. Let now the whole movement rise in arms against pig-headed stupidity by a few men seeking to dictate not to the employers but to their union . . . The action of the strike committee . . . was pure anarchy to say the least."

Of another incident, the comment is made: "This Conference, which was entirely unofficial and held without the knowledge and permission of the trade unions concerned, is yet another attempt to belittle official negotiators by a small group of extremists who pay little or no regard to the traditions and well-being of the trade union movement . . . Power station workers . . . should not listen to those who think they know better. Amateur tacticians or professional agitators are not known for having the true interests of the workers at heart." This is strong stuff, and shows that there are crossed power-lines in our workers' movements.

It is not unknown for the investment of authority, whether by dress or title, to be used to direct the activities of an agitator into more pleasing paths. Many an unruly machine-minder has made a useful chargehand. The natural

instinct for leadership will bubble out of some extroverts inevitably. Many a troublesome private soldier has made an excellent corporal or even sergeant. Responsibility has a sobering effect. It promotes thought, provided that it is the right sense of responsibility.

I have had more than a little—I almost wrote more than enough—experience of nationalized industry. One of the basic troubles of a deliberately propagated policy of nationalization is that every worker is encouraged to think of himself as an active director of the business, a shareholder (which is true), ready, willing and entitled (which is not true) to guide the ship from the stern all through the trip.

Dictatorship by the masses has long been thrown overboard by all experienced trades unionists. We may not have reached it yet, and probably never will, but the progress towards sweeter reasonableness is heard in that beautiful phrase of trade unionists when faced by a particularly awkward problem: "That is the domestic concern of the management."

The wretched management, of course, has to abide by the basic rule that you can pass the buck downwards or sideways, but never upwards. It's at that point of deliberation that facts and figures, charts and cost-sheets, go out of

the window and the sentiments, the matters of principle, come in.

Often the little man is pushed around by "stoppages" that affect public utilities for purely sentimental reasons. What are sometimes described as Communist-inspired strikes are nothing more than British workers misguidedly misdirecting their own sincerely held loyalties. They have been taught—and the war emphasized the teaching—to be loyal to their mates. They will stand up for a principle *en masse*, and one of the biggest elements in this attitude is the show of hands at a mass meeting when a hot decision is taken.

When a matter of principle is raised no British worker worthy of his salt is going to have it said that he let down his mates by not putting up his hand in favour of the decision, even though it has far more sentiment than sense. The little man would get pushed around far less, and the dress of disruptive authority would become briefer and smaller, if instead of a show of hands the democratic secret ballot were taken when an important decision was being considered. That would be *real* industrial democracy.

Who will be the first statesman on the trade union side to agree with and support this principle?

It's an idea that is certainly worth while pushing around.

Sub. (36) in Tot-book Clear-up Bid

SHOE-house Mum at End of Tether;
Seashell Find in Garden Bed;
Tuffet Girl in Spider Horror;
Vinegar Cure for Broken Head.

The problem of helping with reading

Needs experts to carry it through,
And story-compression
In rapid succession

Is what I suggest you should do,
For nursery rhymes are misleading:

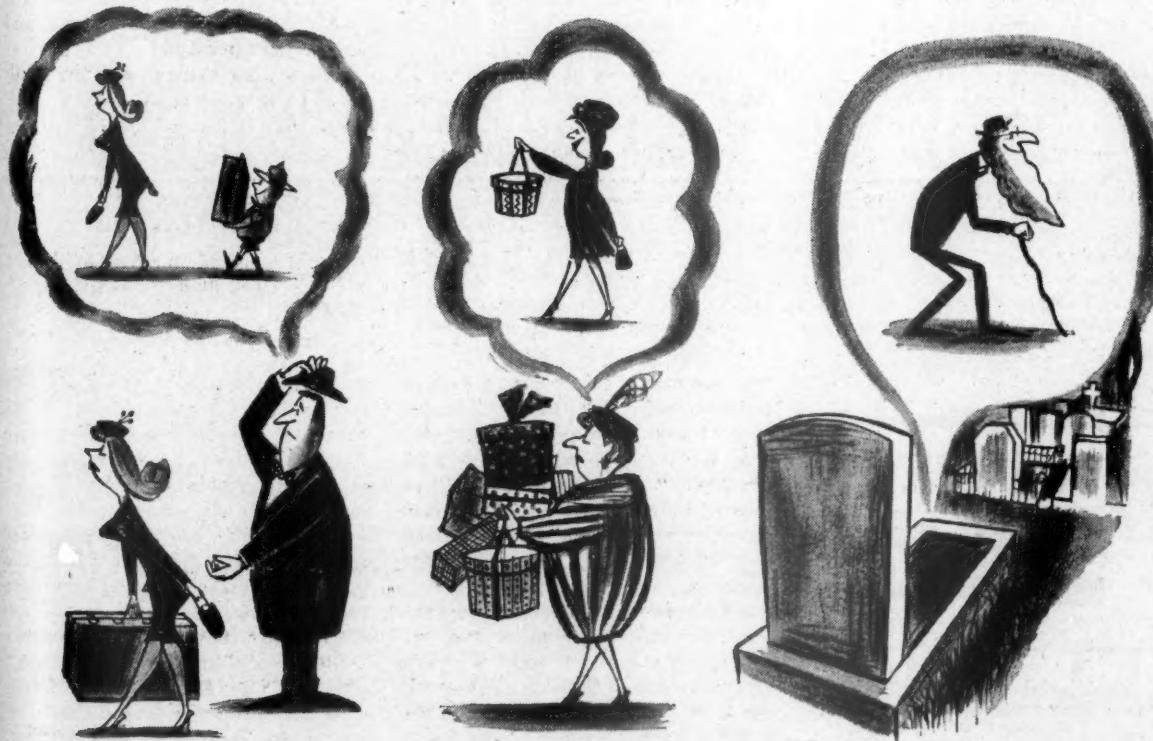
So when you attempt to assist

A youngster to read
Remember the need

To furnish (as follows) the gist:

Schoolgirls Cry as Boy Steals Kisses;
Cow in Orbit, Spoon Elopés;
Plum-probe Corner-boy Successful;
Cat in Well, but Pet Cop Copes.

— ANTHONY BRODE



When did YOU last tear up a paving-stone, rip down a bus-shelter?

UGLIER MOOD WANTED

AN estimated 4½m. dinners were burned to a crisp on the evening of Monday, February 1 last, as their owners waited in the rain for transport vehicles piled up in depots or wedged in lots of forty up and down Tottenham Court Road. It seemed a good time to invite complaints from the stranded, and research teams were sent out by the newly-formed League for the Implementation of Public Resentment.

The main question put was, "What are you going to do about this?" Eighty per cent replied, "Not much we can do, mate." Ten per cent proposed to wait another two hours and then start walking. Five per cent were walking already, and made jocular references to Dr. Moore, and the rest went off into uncontrollable giggling.

The range of response wasn't much widened by supplementary questions. Mr. A. Wreetham (45), of South Harrow,

Besides, they say he's in Africa." Mrs. E. Cobbins, a cleaner, leaned against a stopped bus on Holborn Viaduct and spoke of the trouble she would get into if she didn't get her employer's office properly mucked out. "But I'll make it, all right," said Mrs. Cobbins. "I was through the blitz and never missed once."

No reports were received of mounted police being torn from their horses, trolley-buses overturned or buildings

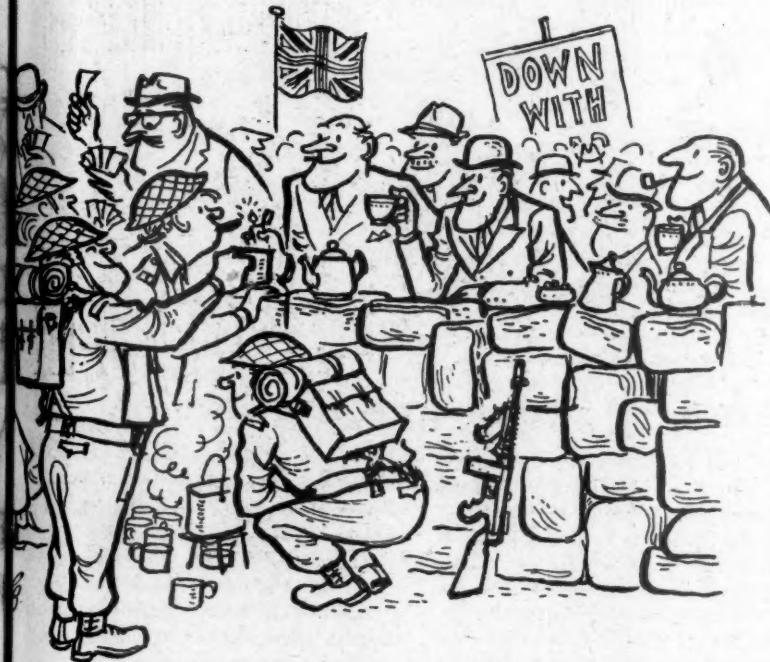


who was next in line to use a telephone booth outside the Garrick Theatre, said "I have been trying to ring the wife for three hours. She will be wondering." A Miss Cowmley-Pease (age supplied), describing herself as a secretary, said that she and her friend had walked from Aldgate to the Admiralty Arch, and both felt that it was a pity about the weather. "It is the wet," she said, "that makes it worse, really." A taxi-driver, asked if he felt an urge to go and throw bricks through the Prime Minister's window, told the L.I.P.R. representative, "No, guv.

in Whitehall set alight, and the general reaction to questions about recent examples in colonial and metropolitan France, Blantyre, Latin America and other strongholds of warm-blooded individualism was non-committal.

Next time, and for whatever reason, London grinds to a halt, the people must rise, and the barricades must be manned. Copies of the illustrated instructional brochure, "Guide to a British Insurrection," may be had from L.I.P.R. headquarters, Bouverie St., E.C.4. Get yours now. It is later than you think.

Brockhunks



OPPOSITE, CENTRE.—This study of a specimen mob in the Strand, London, is an object lesson in how such affairs should not be conducted.

It will be seen that the insurgents are indistinguishable at first glance from an ordinary bus-queue. They are trying to make their position clear by rustling their umbrellas with indignation at intervals, and by making such remarks as "I think it's disgusting the way they go on." Such outbreaks, it must be remembered, can only be observed at very close range, and these demonstrators have put themselves in danger of being dispersed by the first bus to come along with empty seats in it.

Recommended attitudes: the mob should be formed up from the side *opposite* the sign *QUEUE THIS SIDE*. Revolutionary choruses such as "Tipperary" and "Why are we waiting?" should be sung continually. Any police in the area should be chucked unmercifully.

ABOVE.—There is no point in building a good barricade and wasting it with inadequate defence. Barricades must be manned continually and a good brew of tea kept going *all the time*. Insurgents must remember that in the event of troops being called out in aid of the civil power, tea is likely to be kept on the boil twenty-four hours a day. They must therefore be prepared to meet tea with tea wherever it may break out.

LEFT.—Here is a good example of a thoroughly British barricade. Advantage has been taken of an existing excavation where a main drainpipe is being laid. This ensures that a minimum of additional inconvenience is caused to people not taking part in the insurrection. The police and the motoring organizations can be relied on to signpost alternative routes for motorists. Barricades should if possible be erected in populous shopping streets to ensure a good supply of tobacco, newspapers, etc., for insurgents manning them.





"Oops, sorry!"

The Money Game

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

I AM a small investor, one of the thousands of people who decided a few years ago to Invest in Success under Macmilitant Conservative Expansion. By now—according to the financial columnists who induced me to withdraw my savings from the Post Office, the Trustee Savings Bank and Hammersley's Christmas Club ("Pay What You Like—Have What You Like") and shove them into equities—by now, I should be right out of the small investor class and up among the Clores and Wolfsons. "Your capital will grow with Britain's prosperity," they said. "Get yourself on the bandwagon and RIDE!" Well, I rode, I am still small, and I have decided to pack it in.

And I want to tell you why. Naturally enough I am disappointed with my

failure to grow rich. I miss the yachts and cars I had promised myself: I miss the little benefactions I intended to unload on the universities and charitable organizations—the observatory for the London School of Economics, the Butlin's for aged horses from the R.S.P.C.A., and so on. But I am not giving up my career as an investor because the fleshpots and jackpots have evaded me. No, it is something else.

Every morning and every evening, five days a week, I study the Stock Exchange returns in the papers. I turn immediately to the City page (believe me when I tell you that I was once interested in sport, sex and politics) and run my eye up and down the columns of ridiculously small print in search of the companies in which I am vestedly interested. For a small investor

I am interested in a very large number of industrial units, and I'd better explain how this has come about. My "investments" fall into four categories:

1. *Shares which I sold some time ago.* I started with these because they are the ones whose names I remember most easily—having known them longest. If the shares of R.P.C. (say) show a minus sign I am enveloped in a warm euphoric glow. How wise I was to sell out when I did at 53s. 8d. a share! My judgment as a bear has been vindicated. For a few minutes I nibble abstractedly but ecstatically at my toast while I marvel at the reserves of intuitive skill that help to make me what I am. R.P.C. down three ha'pence to 53s. 6½d.! So I was right! I always said the boom in er—(what the hell does R.P.C. stand for? Plastics? Electricals? Brewing?)

—well, never mind, whatever it is, I said the boom in it couldn't last. And it *hasn't* lasted. Down, eh?

Then I try to remember what I sold my R.P.C.s for. Was it in fact 53s. 8d., or 35s. 8d.? One or the other. And I begin to work out how much I should be worth if I'd held my hand, stayed in there with them. And suddenly I feel old and as I dab at my eyes with a handkerchief my wife asks why I've caught another cold. And Igulp my coffee and turn to another item in the list of shares that I sold some months or years ago.

Woolworths have gone up again. Damn.

United Glass Bottle are static. Well, that's better.

De La Rue have jumped two shillings! And I sold them at 64. Or was it 46?

Welkom. Ah, that's more like it. Down by twopence ha'penny.

I make a quick mental calculation and find that I have probably lost either £50 or £62 10s. on this list of shares. Not *too* bad.

2. *Shares that I nearly bought and didn't.* My portfolio is very carefully planned, you see. The man in the *Investor's Chronicle* or the *Financial Times* (or was it Lombard Lane?) told me at the outset of my financial career that the investor should never have all his fortune "in one bottom trusted," that the Stock Market punter should arrange a portfolio of investments in such a way that profits and losses on roundabouts and swings tend to cancel out. Seems silly, I know, but it made sense at the time, I remember. Anyway, I followed the advice and made my selections accordingly, though I hadn't the money to do full justice to the proposition. That would come.

The shares that I nearly bought and didn't are those tipped by:

Alec Browning, a decent but strangely reticent broker chap whom I engage occasionally in speculative conversation on the 9.05 a.m.

The gentlemen of the press.

My wife.

The people lunching noisily at other tables of the Cremona Restaurant.

Me.

These shares give me more trouble than all the rest put together. For one thing they all seem to be going up from Cape Canaveral, and the rocket never seems to stop long enough for me to

climb in. I mean, the man who buys at the top is a proper mug, isn't he? The shrewd investor is the chap who waits for a lull and then *operates*. But what can you do if the lull doesn't materialize? Buy blind? Not me, brother.

In this category I reckon to have lost £5,750,000 (approx.) over the past eighteen months. But it may well be more.

3. *Shares that other people own.* As a small investor I naturally make it my business to keep in touch with other people's financial hopes. I find it interesting to compare their progress with mine. Not that I'm jealous. Why, there's room for everybody in the investment world and it's just plain stupid to allow oneself to be upset by the success or failure of one's investing chums. All the same I have a good look at their shares, and from time to time I show by my comments that I am more or less on the ball.

"Lo, Jack, how's tricks?"

"So-so," says Jack. "You?"

"Never better. How's it dig with the old folio?" (*Aficionados' abbreviation for portfolio.*)

"Musn't grumble." (*He's hiding something.*)

"Those Consolidated Molasses non-voting B shares. Did you nibble?" (*He wouldn't have the sense.*)

"In a small way. I got in at 8s. 5d." (*Some people!*)

"My! And they're 15s. already. Nice work, Jack. Still, I was sorry to see your G.K.T.s take a tumble." (*Now watch his face!*)

"Yes, that was a surprise, wasn't it? Luckily, I guess, I got out at 73s., right at the top." (*Liar!*)

Then there are the shares owned by the various clubs and institutions to which I belong. For years I have complained bitterly about the composition of the investments sub-committee of the Whiteheath Sports Club. What does old Wilson know about the markets? What does Heatherly know? Or Clifford? If I had my way I'd clean out the lot of 'em and put in somebody who knows the form. Rex Kann, for instance; and they might do worse than give me a go. They're far too cautious and conservative. At this rate we'll never get those showers for the clubhouse. Why can't they take a leaf out of the book of the Church of England's

investment commissioners? Those boys are *rolling*.

4. *Shares that I own myself.* I look at these last of all, and frankly I don't take too much interest in them. If they're up they're up, and that's that. But on a total investment of only £20 the net movement in value either way is unlikely to be more than a shilling or so. (One Thursday I netted 3s. 6d. on my holding of Shell, but that was exceptional.) So I don't worry. If they go down, down they go, and that's just too bad. It's all luck anyway.

Soon I shall be out of the market altogether and my money, or what's left, will be back in the P.O., the Trustee and the Christmas Club. I am only waiting for a suitable moment to unload, to bring my investing career to an end. It will be great to take an interest in sport again, to know whether there are Test Matches in progress and who's getting divorced and for why. As I say, I'm only waiting for the right moment to step down and get out. Obviously, I can't sell out at a loss. I shall wait for my holdings to recover, get my money back—plus, of course, the interest I've lost by not being in the P.O., etc.—and then steal quietly away. Unless they're *really* on the way up. I mean, then I might *wait* a bit before taking my profit. You never know, do you? And it would be mad to leave the killing to others. We'll see; we'll see.



"Have you a private income?"

The Management Reserves the Right

By ALEX ATKINSON

AS though there weren't enough confusion in the world already the manager of a Coventry cinema has found it necessary to refuse admission to girls aged from thirteen to eighteen because "they couldn't care less what film is on and look for boy friends. When girls reach the courting stage and are respectable the ban is lifted."

Now, on the face of it this might seem to you a statesmanlike way of coping with a Major Problem of our Time, but I happen to know a chap who tried the very same dodge when he was managing

the Empress, Stackley, and he tells me it was just plain, unadulterated murder for the simple reason that the woman you've got in the pay-box has to have eyes in the back of her head and even then she's liable to get driven round the bend long before second house Saturday on account of the constant interrogation, argy-bargy and palaver. This is the kind of chat that goes on:

"Two two-and-nines, Ma."

"Whom for, please?"

"Me and my friend in the yellow jumper and green skirt over there

leaning up against Rod Steiger combing her hair."

"How old would she be?"

"Thirteen."

"I'm sorry. Over age."

"She's respectable, though."

"A likely tale. She looks to me the type who wouldn't know *The Bride of Frankenstein* from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. How can I be sure she wouldn't go running up and down in the back stalls with lipstick on, looking for boy friends?"

"I'll fetch her a clout if she does. We've reached the courting stage."

"Next? You again? I don't care if you are nineteen, you've got an irresponsible streak and that's the thin end of the wedge as far as I'm concerned. I'm not having you coming in here week after week tripping up the icecream girls. Next!"

"One rear circle."

"Age?"

"Seventeen, but I have an understanding with the assistant manager. Remember?"

"Oh, yes. Most irregular. Kindly show your permit to the usherette. Next?"

"Please, I've brought a note from my mother to say I'm only twelve and can I have a two-and-three?"

"Name?"

"Diana Jeeves."

"Ah, yes. Well, Diana, notes are just not good enough, you know. I thought I told you to bring your birth certificate?"

"My mother says it's an unwarrantable intrusion, and it wasn't me who was found kissing that lady's husband when the lights went up after *Room at the Top*, it was my friend Dawn, and she didn't know it was a lady's husband, she thought it was her auntie."

"According to a statement taken from the girl Dawn immediately after the incident in question, which I have got in the file here—Carol, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Daisy, Dawn, here we are—according to this she states here that it was not her at all as did the kissing of the lady's husband but her friend Diana, five-foot-one, brown eyes, with her hair done like Princess Grace."



"But we're of legal age, we aren't driving and we're not going to a cricket match."

"It's a frame-up! You got it out of her by torture in the manager's office!"

"Stop jumping up and down on that rubber mat like that, it's not here for you to wear out. She further states here that you done it for a bet and are sixteen if you are a day. Kindly do not push at the back there, the second feature only commenced twenty minutes ago. In the circumstances, Diana, I have only the one alternative. Permission not granted. Here, don't forget your half-crown. Next?"

"One front circle, please."

"Without male escort?"

"Yes."

"Courting?"

"No."

"Respectable?"

"Yes."

"Age next birthday?"

"Forty-seven."

"Oh, sorry. It's a very bad light here. Next?"

"Six one-and-nines, lover."

"All female?"

"Uh huh. And all real cool."

"H'm. Will you each sign one of these *pro formas*, undertaking not to hunt for boy friends while the first feature is in progress?"

"What first feature?"

"I see. Kindly line up in front of the tobacco kiosk for further questioning. Miss Frisk. Party of six over there for examination. Suspect danger of riot in the interval. Next?"

"One stall."

"Aren't you Bridget? Weren't you involved in a *fracas* with a jealous rival during the main trailer last Friday? How dare you come back here!"

"What you talking about? My name's Harry."

"Oh. Beg pardon. Next?"

"Look here, Mrs. Anstruther, what's the delay? Do you know the queue goes right round the corner and half-way up as far as W. H. Smith's?"

"Well, I'm very sorry, I'm sure, Mr. Corker, but I really don't know how you expect me and Miss Frisk to screen four hundred mixed in under ten minutes. I tell you straight, they've got me running round in cycles here. Either I get more trained help or certain elements are going to start slipping through the net, and the next thing is the police will be clamping down on us and then we're *all* out of a job."

I don't know how they're coping in



"It's Cliff Richard."

Coventry, but this chap tells me he gave it up after a month. "It seemed sad, somehow," he says, "to see those great big million-dollar wide-screen love yarns booming out over an empty house. It made you see the futility, somehow."

Make it a Double, Doctor

YOU sometimes get an entirely fresh light on individuals or groups, on schools, establishments, institutes, families or professions, from the things they, or their members, are requested *not* to do. The admonition reveals the man.

There are occasions, certainly, when it reveals the man who gave the admonition rather than the intended recipient. Many hotel notices fall into this category. So do the by-laws posted up in public parks, which prohibit activities (such as balloon ascents and the offering of horse-meat for sale) undreamt of by the normal user. But when you see a notice asking guests not to leave their riding boots in the bath, or forbidding the playing of trombones after midnight, you feel that you have learned something definite about the members of that particular club, house or group. You get the "ethos" of the place. Not

even the most tyrannical secretary or landlady forbids the emptying of tea-leaves into the hydrangea tub by the front door, unless experience has shown that the plant needs explicit protection. Taking it by and large, a "don't" means that, left to themselves, people do.

That is why I am so fascinated by some of the admonitions and recommendations brought to the notice of all National Health Service doctors in a circular letter issued by the Ministry of Health. It gives one, it gives me at least, a quite new insight into life in the consulting room.

Apart from a general request to family doctors "voluntarily to limit the quantities of drugs they prescribe," the Ministry of Health pins up, in effect, the following stern warnings on its notice board:

"When prescribing by brand name, the prescriber should be convinced of

By H. F. ELLIS

a preparation's superiority by personal experience or published evidence and not by unsubstantiated claims made in advertisements;

Practitioners should avoid prescribing unnecessarily elaborate prescriptions;

Prescribers should not order expensive, elegantly presented medicines when simpler and equally effective preparations of the same drug are available;

Until the results of trials are known, doctors should, as a general rule, prescribe new drugs only if they are sure that existing drugs have failed."

What a remarkable state of affairs is hereby implicitly revealed. Come with me, if you will be so good, into the consulting room, where the kind of conversation is in progress that must have prompted this interesting addition to the professional code.

"Yes. Well. Nothing to worry about there. I'll give you an expensive



"I've found a wonderful little dressmaker round the corner."

prescription, in case you feel any further mild discomfort after meals."

"Could you make it the larger size, doctor? The rest of the family like to have a dip now and then, you know."

"I'm afraid Bing's Excelsior Four-way Stomach Tablets, which I'd like you to try, only come in bottles of two hundred. Take two, as required. They are invaluable in cases of dyspepsia, giddiness, backache, lassitude, gastritis and kindred ailments, affording instant relief through the action of the miracle drug polyphloboisterene, or so I understand."

"Why, that's just what they were saying on the telly, doctor."

"Exactly. I keep in constant touch with the commercials. We medical men have to be on our toes all the time or we should soon fall behind in the rat race—we should soon become rusty and out of date, that is to say. Just follow the instructions on the bottle and let me know if you experience attacks of cramp or any other interesting side-effects."

"I suppose there's some of that dextropentylsulphonamide stuff, as well as the polywhatsername, in these tablets you're giving me, doctor? My wife rather fancies an additive when she's dosing, if it isn't troubling you."

"Oh, I see no reason why your wife should have to make do with your bottle

of tablets. With so many new drugs to try out it is important to avoid overlapping. In any case, did I not make her up an elaborate prescription of her own not many days ago?"

"She can't seem to get on with that, doctor. I was to tell you that that last half-hundredweight came in a plain drum and she feels so ashamed to have

it in the house, what with the lady next door getting her slimming pills in fancy boxes and Mrs. Peters's bronchial mixture, down the road, coming in gilt wrapping, with a real glass stopper. Well, a person likes to have the medicine cupboard looking nice, I mean to say, and everybody knows that Dr. Robertson—not that we are thinking of making a change, mind, though it is awkward at times—"

"I see. Yes. Perhaps, in that case, your wife would like to try a tube of costeromexylentrapine, the new wonder drug from America which is said to be indicated in cases where even dimorphosymbiosullatropex has proved ineffective. It does not stain hats, pillows, or under-clothing made from Rataplan, Bostrel, Millicene, Stimplex or allied silicone derivatives."

"What's it for, doctor?"

"That has yet to be finally established, I believe. But it costs £4 per fluid ounce and is presented in silk-lined mahogany containers decorated with a contemporary poker-work design on the lid. I think your wife would benefit from it."

"Make it a dozen, doctor. And thank you."

Well, there it is. The admonition, as I say, reveals the man. Unless, of course, this is one of those cases where it reveals the men who gave the admonition.

Brothers and Sisters of the Pen

By E. S. TURNER

I WARN the Crime Writers' Association that it may soon be ousted right out of the gossip columns by a bosomy newcomer, the Romantic Novelists' Association (president: Miss Denise Robins). I also warn the Romantic Novelists' Association that it will have to fight hard to avoid being ousted, in turn, by the Spicy Novelists' Association or the Banned Novelists' Association.

Already, there exist many literary corporations—Lobby correspondents, foreign correspondents, military commentators, agricultural writers, sports writers, and so on—but the

trend is still only in its infancy. When, I wonder, are we to have a Wine Writers' Association, recruited from those blissful oenophiles who are paid to write the same article over and over again for the wine supplements in the weekly reviews? For that matter, why not a Sherry Writers' Association and a Hock Writers' Association?

The object of a Wine Writers' Association would not be to keep other hacks away from the tastings. We must never allow these corporations to operate on exclusive guild lines. Their object should be to improve their status

and standards, and perhaps to widen their vocabularies. Let them learn from the Romantic Novelists, who are concerned to enhance the prestige of a craft too often denigrated by those who like a peck of dirt with their romance. Miss Robins and her vice-presidents, Miss Barbara Cartland and Miss Netta Muskett, have made it clear that they are not content to cry all the way to the bank. They want to walk there with heads held high and nostrils flared, so that passers-by will nudge each other with their baskets of canned beans and say "There goes a Romantic Novelist."

The Crime Writers also had some idea of fortifying their prestige while at the same time improving their professional standards. They were kind, or rash, enough to offer assistance to neophytes, even to the extent of putting their pharmacopoeia of secret poisons at the disposal of *bona fide* inquirers. I fancy one or two of the office-bearers came to regret having offered this facility but it was nevertheless a public-spirited act to help strangers with their murders. When the Humorous Writers' Association is founded, as it may be any moment now, the difficulty will be to find an honorary secretary willing to give away his best gags to anyone who rings up.

I am uncertain of the precise aims of the Sports Writers' Association. If the members are sensitive about their status, I hope they will meet to consider the reported statement by the London editor of *Life* that British sports writers are the most vicious in the world. I would like to think that their chief concern, as a corporation, is not to think of new ways of needling English cricket captains, snubbing genial managers or driving tennis girls into nunneries but to keep their jargon fresh, vigorous and intelligible.

Long ago, in Scotland, there was a sports reporters' handbook containing splendid, though now dated, phrases like "rattled the upright," "eluded the custodian," "netted by this reverse" and (when there was nothing else to say) "play ranged from end to end." Is there a modern equivalent of this handbook, and if not, what is the Sports Writers' Association doing about it?

Perhaps there is an idea here for the Romantic Novelists. Section Two: The Kiss (descriptive): He kissed her and . . . she was filled with a hundred butterflies/

a Roman candle exploded inside her/a thousand harps broke the stillness/the stars chased each other round the sky, etc.

I am reluctant to suggest a Palace Writers' Association, if only because I am sure one must already exist, officially or unofficially. In times of sustained suspense, such as the newspapers have been undergoing of late, it is unthinkable that reporters should have to stand in the rain outside royal residences, peering in every taxicab, ceaselessly scanning the sky for storks. If they approached the Great Officers respectfully, I am sure they would be granted a small room with a telephone, if not above stairs then below stairs or in the mews. Here servants could drop in and pass on the latest buzz, and the Lord Chamberlain himself could call for an off-the-record chat. Of course there is always news of a sort to be got from the Press Office, but that has the disadvantage of being official.

Another hard-working group which would benefit from incorporation is the sisterhood which answers personal queries in the women's magazines. These ladies are grossly overworked

answering letters from readers seeking editorial permission to "anticipate marriage," and one suspects that many readers do not accept the first "No," but go the rounds, hoping against hope for an affirmative reply. If the Lovelorn Advisers' Association drew up a standard letter, simple, sincere but a real frightener, and the recipients were told that this represented the views of all members, it would save a great deal of time, postage, and hopeless yearning.

I must not exhaust the reader with too many suggestions, for by now he has already thought of a Blurb Writers' Association, a Fourth Leader Writers' Association and a Cereal Packet Writers' Association. I will urge only one more: a Ghost Writers' Association. It is time that these anonymous but extremely active fellows emerged from under their bushels and held their inaugural cocktail party. If they invited all those satisfied clients whose reminiscences they have penned, there would be a gathering of generals and criminals such as Britain has never seen. The occasion could hardly fail to earn the "Oscar" of the Gossip Writers' Association.



"When are you going to come up with a new idea, Jackson?"

TO Mr. Uffa Fox

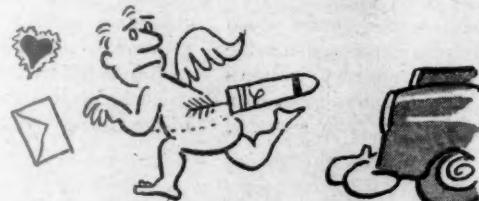


Uffa, star of breeze and brine,
If you would be my Valentine
I'd wean you from your fellow-stars
Frequenting all those gossip-pars,
And hope to teach you that you're not
The only chap who knows yacht's yacht.



TO Dr. Jacob Bronowski

Bronowski, sage of screen and coal,
Informed, adroit, benign,
Compact of science, sense and soul,
Please be my Valentine.
And as your brilliant beam upon me shines
A ray or two may spill into the mines.



TO Miss Enid Blyton

Be my Valentine, Miss Blyton,
Universal foster-Mum,
May your bedtime tales enlighten
Tiny tots for years to come
(And keep your accountants trotting,
Totting, totting, totting, totting).



TO Mr. Kwame Nkrumah

My wishes fly on speedy pinion
To Republic or Dominion.
The distinction's of the thinnest—a
President or mere Prime Minister,
You'll continue still to shine,
My Ghanaian Valentine.



TO The Archbishop of Canterbury

Walking in your chosen way,
Nor caring what the press may say,
Soaring steadfast and serene
O'er the vagaries of your Dean,
The sweetest Valentine extant you are,
Good and gracious Geoffrey Cantuar!

TO Dr. Barbara Moore

Confide me, Doctor, I entreat,
The secret of your guts,
But not, I beg, your battered feet,
Nor yet your fruit and nuts.
On these conditions (lazy swine)
I'll have you for my Valentine.



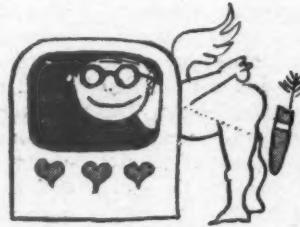
TO Mr. Harold Macmillan

Bombs, despite us all, grow bigger.
Be my Valentine, I pray . . .
Goodness knows, a father figure
Fills a longfelt want to-day:
Let me croon with all the Tories,
"Mac (we hope) knows what the score is."



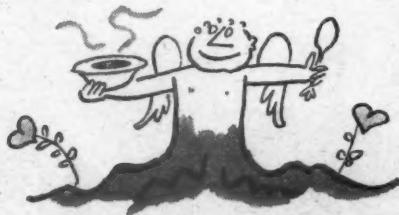
TO Mr. Cliff Michelmore

Compère whom I most adore,
Lovely Mr. Michelmore,
When I've heard your colleagues' views
On the day's outstanding news,
Face me through the screen and say
"Our next Valentine will be on next
St. Valentine's Day."



TO Mr. Arnold Wesker

In your KITCHEN let us parley
Over CHICKEN SOUP WITH BARLEY.
If my proposition suits
Our affair might put down ROOTS
And tendrils tenderly entwine,
My Royal Courtly Valentine!



TO M. Nicolas Charrier

Petit chou-chou, bon et beau,
Fils de la grande Bardot,
Là sous l'ombre de ta mère,
N'oublie pas qui est ton père.
Deviens sage et fort et fine
Et je serai ta Valentine.



TO Mr. Hugh Carlton Greene

Dear Hugh, I couldn't have been gladder
To see you climbing JACOB'S ladder.
From your heights may you bequeath
Fresh flowers to a fading REITH,
And so at last become—Eureka!—
My Valentine of screen and speaker.

The Institutional Joneses

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

If trends in America are anything to go by these days (and in this era of mass-culture they usually are) I think I can forecast with some accuracy what groups will come next to authority in our society. We shall have government by technocracy, government by women, and government by sociology.

It is in the last of these forms of government that I am most interested at the moment. Technocracy is interesting and women deserve a lot of attention (I have always tried to give it to them), but let's talk about sociology. Now, some of my best friends are sociologists, and as a rule the members of this incipient priesthood are not very frightening. They are by nature humble, hard-working men, with scientific methods, bent over chi-square tests, always analysing the data and verifying the findings. They mean no harm. The same can be said of television producers and film makers and writers of popular songs; they will tell you what the saints probably would tell us about heaven—if you knew it from the inside you wouldn't worry about it so much.

Sociologists are, of course, people who use the same material as novelists, but *do a random sample first*. They find infinite mystery in the most obvious things—indeed, looking first at little children and then at sociologists, one feels that sociology is the only true innocence; then, looking first at the world and then at sociology, one feels that it is the only true depravity. There was a time, before sociology, when society used to be itself, and *not know about it*. The numbers of men in upper income groups who married women originating in upper income groups had more than random significance, but few realized it; that was life. There was a time when there was class and nobody knew that *that* was what it was, or that things could be otherwise, or that you could talk about it. Even these days it still seems hard for sociologists to admit that there was once a whole world with no sociologists in it, yet full of sociological things, elaborately patterned societies that must have organized themselves. The definition of a sociologist as a man who spends

ten thousand pounds to find a whorehouse is obviously apt; yet one can't help being disturbed by the fear that the in-built naïveté of sociology might reach the point where it will be taken for granted that societies can't organize themselves, and that the distribution of whorehouses per capita of population will be rigorously controlled from the London School of Economics.

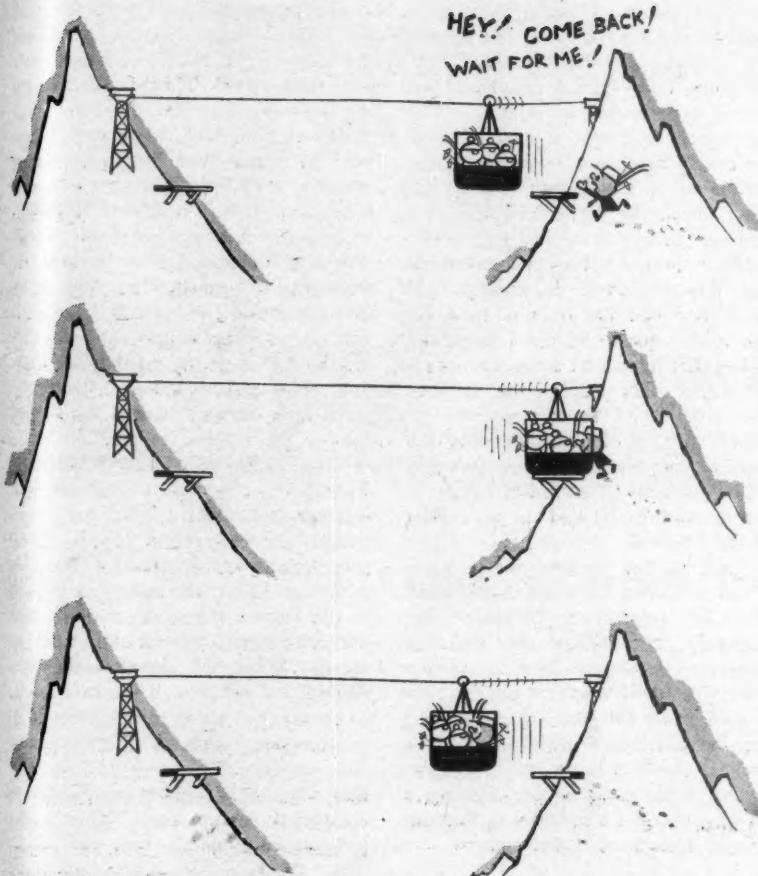
There are, of course, sociologists and sociologists. The territory is divided; the word, like psychologists, covers a multitude of sins (except, again as with psychologists, there are no sins to the sociologist—it's just behaviour). There are the Margaret Mead ones, the palms-waving-in-the-wind set, who hide in bushes in South Sea islands and tape-record initiation rites. These are usually dedicated persons, who think nothing of marrying a member of the tribe they are interested in in order to enlarge their field of knowledge. There are the left-wing reformers, who steal forks from their university refectory as a form of protest. There are head-counters and counters of other things (like Dr. Kinsey). There are motivation-research people who explain to manufacturers how to make their cars into sex symbols.

The most frightening ones, at first sight, are the social theorists, whom Professor Karl Popper nicely castigates in *The Poverty of Historicism*. These are the people who postulate that sweeping historical processes are taking place, and then try to make them happen. Popper prefers what he calls "piece-meal engineering" but I'm not too sure about that either.

Social engineering would appear to include, for instance, such elements as Group Dynamics and Motivational Research. I once gave, in another place, a definition of Group Dynamics which I propose to repeat. It is, simply: You know how you feel uncomfortable at parties when you haven't fastened your flies? Well, that's Group Dynamics. Just as Americans think they can overcome war by abolishing it, they think they can get rid of any abrasions in any situation simply by understanding and



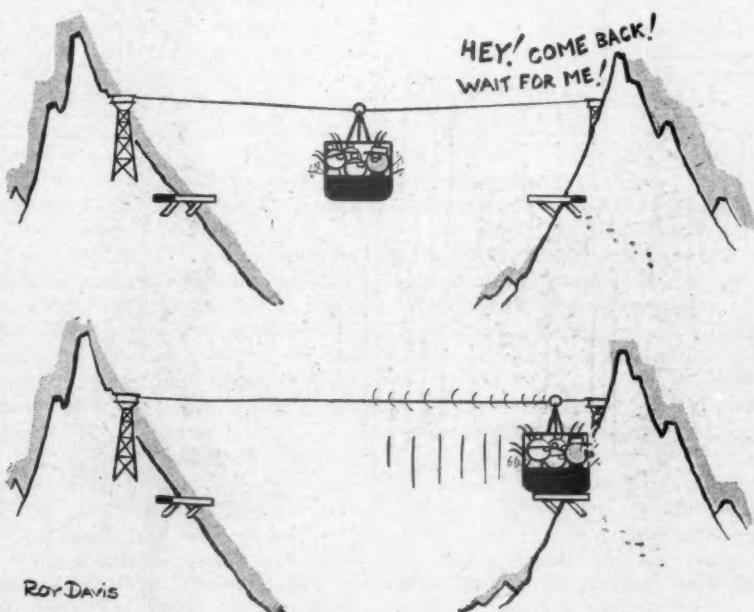
'Got a record as long as your arm . . . Escorted off at White Hart Lane, Molineux, Maine Road, Villa Park . . .'



explanation. Group Dynamics is a way of getting people out of toilets without anyone hearing the flush. In larger situations it is called How To Keep People Waiting Four Days at London Airport in Fog and Make Them Like It. The implication is that all the hostilities that exist in society can be solved given goodwill—and sociologists to explain them. A friend of mine, canapé-eating, culinary Howard Higman (Professor of Sociology at the University of Colorado; as I say, some of my best friends are sociologists) has a theory going called the Hiding American. He holds that Americans have been so well-taught to adjust that they will adjust to anything, anywhere. They hide in norms; they will look up Kinsey, say, and find what is normal sexual behaviour for their social class and age group—and do it. In this way they will not be noticed. They become environment rather than foreground. Group dynamics is based on the discovery that

the reason why people disagree with one another is that they are different, and they have perceived a simple solution which will abolish all conflict: you simply make all people the same.

Motivational research works on the same theory. It starts by studying how people vote and how they buy prunes and goes on, in its more frightening stages, to say how to make people vote one way and how to make them stack their pantries full of prunes. One of the culture heroes of motivational research is Dr. Ernest Dichter, the man who discovered that people buy cars because they are sexual objects (saloons are wives and convertibles are mistresses). It was Dr. Dichter who explained to American advertisers that their problem is simply to permit the average American to feel moral when he is flirting, spending, not saving, taking two vacations a year and buying a third car. He explained that one of the basic problems of prosperity is "to give people the sanction and justification to enjoy it and to demonstrate that the hedonistic approach to life is a moral, not an immoral one." The solution is, of course, to explain that the more you spend, the happier you are. Thus the social engineers in America are working away at projects designed to make people buy more prunes (by dissociating them from constipation and changing



Roy Davis

the colour) and more gramophone records. The popular songs of two years from now have been written, and they have been written by the sociologists. The latest fashion in popular songs is anomie ("I'm just a lonely boy . . .", "They call me a bad boy") cured of course by sex at the end. Anomie is now fashionable in America, the most prevalent form being the Beat Generation and Juvenile Delinquency gangs, which enables people to be *lonely in groups*.

Fortunately, for some strange reason which exposes the English character completely, we English have never been able to take sociology very seriously, presumably on the ground that one does not start taking the plane to pieces once it has left the ground. It has also something to do with the English distrust of "a brain"; we have never been

too appreciative of intelligence, as a society, remembering what the pursuit of knowledge did for Adam and Eve. Sociology does exist in England, but largely as a branch of politics. The sociology of enumeration, which enables persons to be normal by hiding in the middle of a sociologist's curve, has never been very fashionable. Yet perhaps things are changing. The hidden values of television commercials and Westerns must be making their mark, and one has only to read the advice columns in women's magazines to see that more and more we recommend that other people be normal . . . though still we haven't got to the American point of advising people who want to know how far to let their boy friend go to take a statistical sample in the neighbourhood and do what most of the others do.

Take the last election, for instance. From it comes the curious discovery that by forecasting behaviour the quantitative sociologists can make it happen. People, reading the Gallup polls, decided that a Conservative victory was a foregone conclusion and acceded to it before polling day. It is not far from this to the American college students who read Reisman's *The Lonely Crowd* in order to find out how to become other-directed.

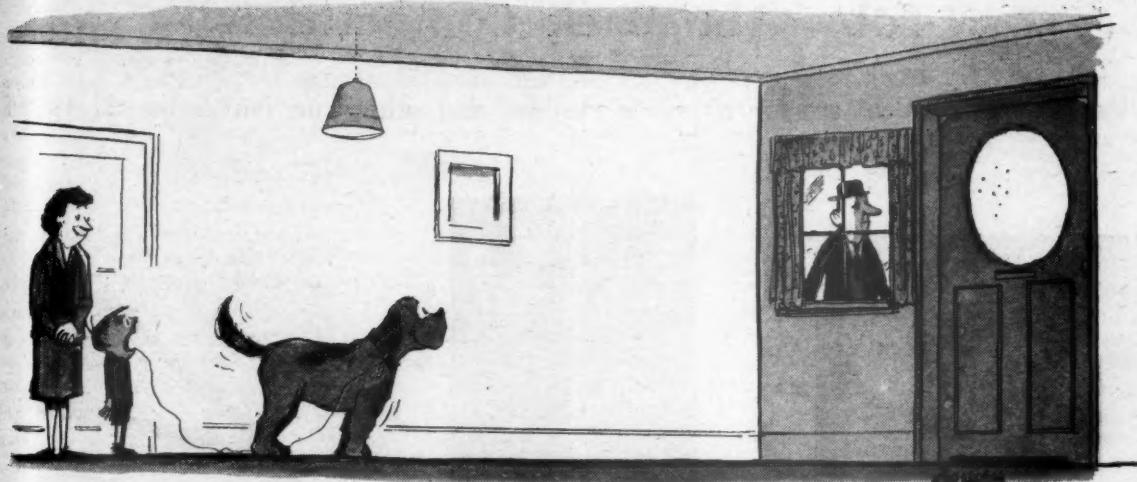
The curious thing about sociology is that, unlike all other academic disciplines, it is always right. Sociologists can never hurt themselves. This is called Being the Joneses; they are the ones with whom everyone else keeps up. They are, to themselves, an aristocracy; whatever they do is U because they can always explain it. However they furnish their houses, it is a symbol of something. The best illustration I can think of is interest in folk-music. It is all right to love folk music if you are not folk, stuck with it as your culture; by coming around full circle, by going away from your roots and then looking back on them at a distance with a *sociological* interest, you can like it again. The same is true of handwoven tweed, old cars, Victorian bric-à-brac. Given sufficient distance from their original use, these things become cultural objects to be used again. This view of them is sociological (it is the view that is held in the Labour Party, often, of the old Richard Hoggarty culture of the working class). When we are all sufficiently *déclassé* and far enough from our roots to be objective about things, we will all become sociologists. The consequence of being deculturalized is to be able to have all cultures, without being involved completely in any one. This is the ultimate sociological view.

Man in Apron

by

Larry.





Last Round-up

We are not indifferent in the matter of the Irish horses; but the main points were well made elsewhere. Here the one party not so far consulted expresses its viewpoint in an exclusive interview with our reporter B. A. YOUNG

I CANNOT give the name of the horse from whom I obtained this information, but the stables where he is kept lie a few miles out of Dublin.

My informant was a veteran dray-horse, grown grey in the service of a well-known brewery. "I want you to tell me quite frankly," I asked him, "what you think of this cruelty to the Irish."

The horse declined at first to admit that there was any trade in Irishmen at all. "Sure isn't it all a lot of stories in the newspapers, what else?" he asked. Later, he admitted that he knew that Mr. Sean Lemass, the Irish Prime Minister, had been exported to London and there brutally interviewed.

He continued to maintain, however, that no cruelty had been involved. "Mr. Lemass went to London as the head of one government visiting another one, the same as it might have been President Eisenhower," he told me. "If it was cruelty to the one of them, then wasn't it cruelty to the both of them? But nobody was after complaining of the treatment of Mr. Eisenhower that I ever heard of." He held to this opinion even after I had shown him incontrovertible evidence that Mr. Lemass had been exposed to more than forty

reporters and press photographers and tethered to a small chair and made to answer hard questions in front of a microphone and a television camera.

Leaving the case of Mr. Lemass, I asked him if he was aware that at the dockyard gates not ten miles from where we then were, Irishmen and women had felt compelled to lie down in the street in front of horseboxes, and other Irishmen had been forced to drive over them, and that none of the horses present had so much as raised a hoof in protest?

He admitted that he knew about this, but denied that any cruelty was used. "The Irishmen that lay down in the streets had their warmest clothes on, and the horseboxes all had a fine set of pneumatic rubber tyres." He added that Irishmen were trained to perform tricks of this kind and took no hurt from them, having become inured during the hated days of the British occupation.

"Only wasn't it the armoured cars in those times they would be lying down under," he said, "and none of your horseboxes?"

I asked him if he had heard that a travel agent was deliberately cutting off the supply of tourists to the Irish,

knowing quite well that this would cause them suffering.

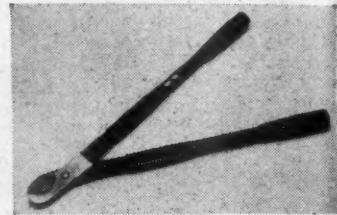
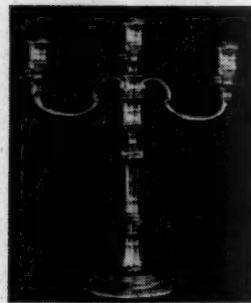
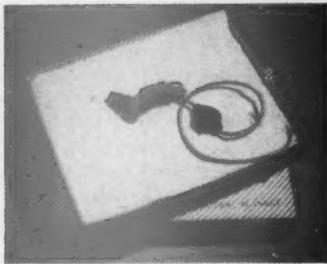
"The Irish did without Mr. Cadbury before, in the time of the famine," he answered with a touch of asperity, "when he might have come over with a bar or two of his chocolate; and they can do without his tourists now." In any case, too many tourists were bad for the Irish, and led in the long run to afflictions like television, motorways and rock'n'roll, the incidence of which had always been low in Ireland.

I came away with the impression that the average horse has a bad conscience about the treatment of the Irish, and that is why he is unwilling to admit the existence of cruelty even when it is brought to his notice. If the horses themselves cannot be persuaded to take some steps towards ending this unsavoury state of affairs, it is clear that the RSPCI will have to step in.

If even this is unsuccessful, and the horses persist in bringing the Irish into danger of ill-treatment by allowing themselves to be sent to France for culinary purposes, then I suggest that all true lovers of the Irish should band together in boycott action and refrain from backing any horses until this shameful stigma is removed.

Toby Almanack Competition

Report on problem set for overseas readers and others on November 2, 1959



Just What We Wanted

THE three wedding presents portrayed here were sent to the bride by three male friends. Unfortunately the cards on them became mixed. Competitors were invited to supply a letter from the bride which would satisfy each donor that his present was exactly what she wanted, and that she knew exactly what it was.

There was an enormous entry from all over the world. A fair proportion were declared void for vagueness, and a few for obscenity. (The most ingenious of these, it is disturbing to note, was a pun in pidgin English from the Education Department in the Solomon Islands.) The normal solution was to place the bride in a damp, dark, overgrown cottage and variation from this norm was welcome. The winner, with a neat right and left, is

D. W. BALL,
28 THE PRECINCTS,
CANTERBURY (England)

DEAR CHARLES/ROBERT/MICHAEL,—What a gorgeous present. It really was kind, and just what we wanted to help the winter on its way. We shall have a nice comfortable glow at the end of a hard day's work! Actually your present led to a good deal of amusement at the wedding, for Uncle George made some wicked crack about a present from you being bound to lead to bed, and Uncle Jim made an equally doubtful remark about somebody intending to cut off the electricity that night. Seriously, though, it was sweet of you, and I shall probably find myself thinking of you as I blow out the last candle, turn off the electric blanket, and snuggle down to the sound of nothing but Christopher snoring and the fruit trees rustling outside. Do come and see us soon.

Love,
HERMIONE.

And these were the runners-up:

DEAR —,—You must remember that artistic people aren't really responsible for their actions and not laugh at me. Bill and I loved your gift but it was so perfect for a mobile under consideration that art swept function out of the window.

Both of us are so pleased because Civilization (composition in space of electric blanket, pruning shears and candelabrum) had been going badly and I was completely out of inspiration. Then, Eureka! you supplied the missing link, and form balances form, color and tone harmonize, gravity and light interact! Wonderful!

So, many thanks, and do please visit soon. In a sense you are partly responsible for this work, and I should dearly like to have your reaction.

Very best wishes,
EDYTHE AND BILL.

Sondra Rosenberg, 150 Crown St., Apt. F17,
Brooklyn 25, New York

HARRY DEAREST,—I might have known that you would send us the perfect present. Yesterday Victor took me to see the quarter he has been allotted by a kindly govt. It has been empty for months and the garden is an unbelievable tangle of briars. The furniture —dining-table especially—is ghastly, and the Army blankets look a bit spartan I must say. So your brainwave is the very thing to ameliorate the position in one respect at least. It will bring a spot of joy into our young lives wherever we go as I hear that Army quarters are pretty much the same everywhere. I'm not the least bit disgruntled really—I know I shall enjoy it all madly—and just mention these sordid details to show you how you couldn't have chosen a more superlative gift for one setting out to follow the drum.—Maj.-Gen. Angus Collier, Glassburn, by Beauly, Inverness-shire

MY DEAR BILL,—Thank you so much for your thoughtfully chosen gift. Most people

seem to think that because Quito is in the tropics John and I will be living in a mud hut surrounded by flopping banana plants and steaming jungle—but you obviously know about our beautiful mountain-home-to-be with its lovely walled garden (as John says, everything grows, one need only prune). I think of our garden bright in the tropical moon and dinner by candlelight, gracious and lovely, the soft light of the candles blending with the beauty of the night. It can be chilly though. At nine thousand feet fur stoles are very much as worn and an electric blanket the height of luxury.

Affectionately,
POPSY.

J. W. Paterson, Cia. Shell de Venezuela,
Apartado 19, Maracaibo, Venezuela

Your gift was one of the most thoughtful and useful we received. It will certainly come in handy in eliminating the dangers inherent in overloaded wires. As my home burned to the ground only a year ago from just such a cause, your present is doubly appreciated. After the fire my family, as you know, had to move to an awful one-room flat, necessitating my present marriage, and I cannot help feeling that had we possessed what you have now so generously given me the two tragedies would never have occurred—that is the fire and my marriage. In any case, it is just what we wanted.—Allen Bass, 41-09 41st St., Sunnyside 4, L.I., New York

DEAR TOM/DICK/HARRY,—Bob and I returned from our honeymoon yesterday to find your gift awaiting us. How clever of you to know just what we wanted. We are living in the stable of the old Homestead, which has been converted to the sweetest cottage. Bob's mother helped to decorate it with some of her brass and silver.

You can see how appropriate your present is when I tell you that Bob is busy all day, at this time of year, pruning the vines, then he comes home cold and tired to relax in our snug little cottage. We dine in style by candlelight which twinkles away on the brass warming-pans on the wall. We have no need to fill one with coals to keep us warm these cold winter nights.—Dr. Isobel Robertson, Allandale, Main Road, Claremont, Cape Town

Weekly Competition Report

(No. 97—"Definitely")

THE objective was a short dialogue using a most-hated phrase in current usage in the most inappropriate context possible. The entry was unusually large; clearly the overworked clichés are widely abominated, but too many competitors merely strung together a rosary of catch-phrases without studying the ludicrous effect. Winner:

R. J. COLEMAN
30 LARCHWOOD CLOSE
BANSTEAD
SURREY

Scene: A wine producing area in France.

"Jacques, Jacques, come quickly, Henri has fallen into the wine press—help me lift him out!"

"Ça ne fait rien, mon vieux, press on regardless!"

Runners-up:

PATIENT (recovering from eye operation): "George, how nice of you to come!"

GEORGE: "Not a bit, old man. Long-time-no-see, I'm afraid!"

Cdr. R. Bousfield, R.N., Hazel House, Goose Green, Tonbridge, Kent

"The crowd is after your blood I fear, St. Stephen."

"Stone me."

G. A. Cowley, Aston Somerville, Nr. Broadway, Worcs.

"See, our postilion has been struck by lightning!"

"Not to worry."

Eileen M. Parkinson, 1 Hadley Court, 34 Archer's Road, Southampton

EDITOR ('phoning urgently to Crossword Compiler): "When can I expect to receive your crossword?"

CROSSWORD COMPILER: "I'm afraid you've had it, old boy. I haven't a clue!"

Mrs. Marjorie H. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone, Kent

"How do you like your job at the egg-packing station, Tommy?"

"Smashing! Suits me down to the ground."

G. J. Blundell, Littlewood, East Malling, Kent

MR. SPRATT (dining out): "This meat is very fat, my dear. Should I call the waiter?"

"Suit yourself; I'm all right, Jack."

William McCrea, 11 Oxford Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lancashire

"So you came to a satisfactory agreement with him?"

"Oh, yes indeed. He leaned over backwards to meet me halfway."

P. Cassidy, St. Lawrence's, 109 Main Road, Sidcup, Kent

For This Week

No. 100—Code of Honour

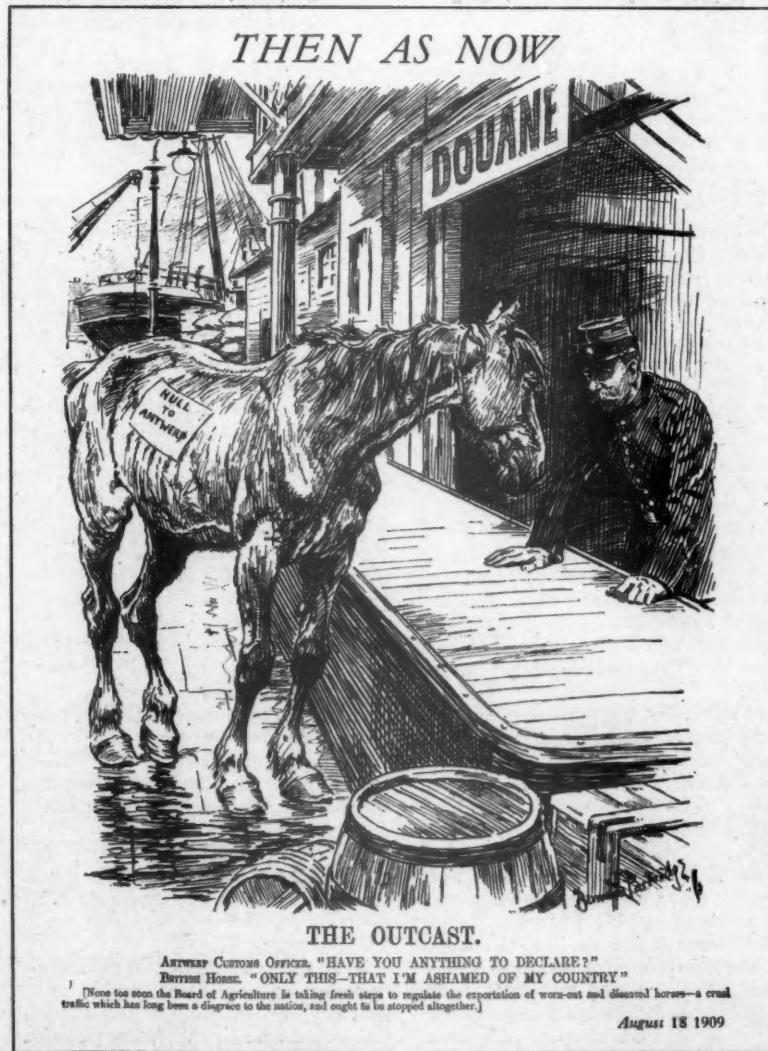
A NEW road safety slogan reads "Better Drivers Honour the Code." Competitors are invited to provide up to twelve lines of a school song, or some similar art form, reinforcing this sentiment.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, February 19, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 100, *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Tree Farm, Kirdford, Billingshurst, Sussex; Mrs. Teresa Baldwin, Swallowfield, Hammers Lane, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

ROBINSON CRUSOE (to man with large feet): "What's your name?"
HE: "Friday—all day."
Flying Officer J. B. Evans, Royal Air Force, Eastbury Park, Northwood, Middx.

Honourable mention to the following: Lady Murray, Borgie House, Castletown, Caithness; H. N. Rastall, 19 Trevose Gardens, Sherwood, Nottingham; E. O. Parrott, 47 Daver Court, Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3; R. G. R. Marsden, Holly



In the City



The Customer's Rights

THE beautiful promise of 1960 is becoming clouded by the threatened reappearance of that old bore and pest, inflation. In the terms so beloved of economists, it is "demand-inflation" that is creeping upon us—too much demand chasing too few goods and too few workers, and thus beginning to push up prices and wages.

It isn't here yet; but there are signs that the consumer boom is spilling over into the capital goods industries. This was bound to happen. The emptying shelves in the shops must be restocked, the factories must ultimately be enlarged. Political uncertainties held back investment plans, and until October 8 of last year business men were planning to spend about £50 million less on new plant in 1960 than in 1959. With a Conservative victory there was a dramatic change in their intentions and, according to the latest Board of Trade survey, this minus £50 million has now become a plus £250 million. Assuming intentions are realized, an additional £300 million of demand is going to be injected into an economy which is already beginning to show signs of overstrain.

This is no doubt the reading of the position that induced the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give his approval to an increase in Bank Rate. It is also the state of affairs which should make any expectation of a really generous Budget an exercise in the courting of disappointment.

To the ear of the non-economist the stamp of approaching inflation is most clearly heard in the lines of battle now being drawn for the wage disputes of 1960, a painful preliminary skirmish of which had to be endured by Londoners last week. As in earlier bouts of inflation it is the transport workers who provide the vanguard of the attack. They did so in 1951 when Mr. Bevan was Minister of Labour, in 1953 when it was the intervention of No. 10 Downing Street, then occupied by Sir Winston Churchill, which opened the floodgates, and again in 1955 when the Cameron

Court of Inquiry told Britain that "having willed the ends of nationalization, it must will the means" of affording the railway workers wages comparable with those paid in industry, whether or not profits were being earned.

Now once more Sir Brian Robertson seems ready to hand out money which will come directly out of the taxpayers' pockets since the railways are running at a substantial deficit. There is room for wage increases in Britain; but unless they bear reasonable relation to the increases in efficiency of industry they could easily endanger the most solid achievement of the past eighteen months: the reconciliation of industrial expansion, stable prices and a sound balance of payments.

In all the talk about sharing the cake of increased efficiency there is a tendency to consider two interested parties only, the workers and the proprietors.

A third interest is involved, that of the consumer. He deserves his cut and there is only one way in which he can take it, namely lower prices. Let hats be raised to two industries which have not forgotten him. They are cement and steel. The Cement Makers Federation have recently lowered the price of Portland Cement by 2s. a ton. The member firms include such well-known names as Associated Portland Cement, Rugby Portland Cement, and Eastwoods. Among the steel companies that have raised their output and increased their efficiency to the point at which prices are being cut are United Steel, Dorman Long, Steel Company of Wales, Stewarts & Lloyds. Viewed from the dismal depths touched in 1959 their shares look high to-day; but in the context of the expansion of the years ahead and of the efficiency of the industry they still appear to be attractive investments.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



06 Inches

ONE reads—if you are like me, with a kind of desperate interest—that they are going officially to try out the larger or "American" golf ball at a tournament this summer.

What this will mean to the over-12 handicap group is delightfully obscure, though of course the Americans have been playing with their larger ball quite successfully for some time; and a close examination of their holds, knees, swings, hips, etc., does not reveal that they have been handicapping themselves unduly.

One thing must be certain, and comforting—a golf ball 1.68 inches across will be easier to hit (never mind direction for the moment) than a ball 1.62 inches across.

That apart, what else? Well, there's this—leaving out the problem of ballistics or "whirr"—the bigger ball will stop deader on the greens (residual

back spin), it will carry just as far (brute strength), and it will rise higher into the heavens when hit with the brassie from the rough (the swipe).

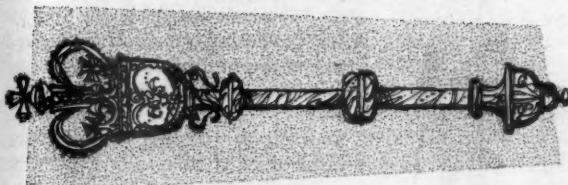
Point nought six inches will not affect fundamentally our game at all, except to enable us to blind ourselves with science. There will still be brisk demands for "Smith on Fading" and "Jones on Draw." But there will be much more food for introspection in the analysis of any particular round. There was very little new left for us to think or argue about why this or that went wrong. Now we can explain that we, for instance, did not break ninety because no allowance was made for drive-flight (or drag, or r.p.m. of spin) at the sixth; we can maintain that we forgot to allow at the eighth for the greater length of rubber thread wound into the new ball compared with the old; we can protest that at the fifteenth we did not take into account that the strange ball leaves the club-head faster in any direction both in velocity and in "slide" than the familiar one.

Will our average play improve? There should be fewer complete misses; the schoolboy/girl, before he or she is taught the game, will continue to hit the ball (old or new) as sweetly and as nonchalantly as always . . .

You and I will have the fun of starting all over again.

— FERGUSON MACLAY

Essence



of Parliament

MONDAY's main problem at Westminster was the problem of getting there. By Tuesday that was more easily solved. The redistribution of industry did not attract many enthusiasts into the Chamber, but there was a collection upstairs of eager friends of freedom to listen to Mr. Mboya. Mr. Mboya explained that the present Kenya Legislative Council was a fraud because most of the members were not free voters at all but had to obey the orders of superior authorities. Friends of freedom were suitably shocked, but unfortunately for them before they had time to give adequate expression to their shock the division bell rang and they bolted from the room like rabbits, leaving Mr. Mboya in solitary and puzzled possession.

On Monday those who did get to Westminster had a task before them in following the subtle distinctions of Mr. Lloyd's report on the Cyprus negotiations. What should be the size of the bases? Should they be six miles by six as Archbishop Makarios wanted, or twelve and a half miles by twelve and a half as Mr. Lloyd had wanted in his last word but one, or eleven miles by eleven as he wanted now in what was his real last word? "Just a playground," shouted a Conservative Member, but a playground for what play? Mr. Emrys Hughes quoted what the soldier had said to Mr. Randolph Churchill, but what the soldier had said to Mr. Randolph Churchill was, Mr. Lloyd thought, not evidence. Would the Cyprus bases be any good to us without Cypriot goodwill? They would be much more useful if we had Cypriot goodwill, thought Mr. Lloyd. Did he "expect" to get Cypriot independence by March 19? asked Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. Lloyd "hoped" to get it. Did he agree with Sir Hugh Foot that a postponement would be "disastrous"? He thought that a postponement would be "unfortunate." Lord Hinchingbrooke was a grumbling rebel, but I doubt if any sparks from the Cyprus bases will set alight a conflagration.

It was, however, only the first of Lord Hinchingbrooke's three complaints of the week. The second was his complaint that the Chancellor goes into purdah for a few months before the Budget and one can get nothing out of him except "I cannot anticipate my Budget statement." But even though this was

The Chancellor in Purdah
Mr. Heathcoat Amory's most general reply he did once allow himself to break out. Why, asked Mr. Nabarro, should purchase tax be charged on the hair from the horses's tail that goes to make the bow of a violin?—and there was a complicated joke about "fiddling." "I am very glad to know," replied the Chancellor, "that my hon. friend has an interest in violins. I thought he belonged to the wind rather than the string section." Mr. Heathcoat Amory is a hundred-yards-wit rather than a miler-wit. There are more laughs in his answers than in his speeches.

Mr. Marples, on the other hand, is learning from experience that he must curb his laughs. On Tuesday Sir Leslie Plummer brought in a private bill to sting smartly anyone

Mr. Marples and race insults

who insulted another's religion or race, and therefore things looked difficult for jaunty Mr. Marples when on Wednesday they alleged that he had spoken of "the bloody Scotch." Here surely was a racial insult if ever there was one; but Mr. Marples would not admit the charge. He had soon to go to a Scottish dinner in a kilt, and had he ever said anything so foolish he would be, he pleaded convincingly, in grave danger at that dinner of losing his—dignity.

Lord Hinchingbrooke's third rebellion was about the distribution of industry. The Socialists had their quarrels of detail with the Government—mostly quarrels because the Government was not doing enough—though Mr. Ellis Smith paid a graceful old-world tribute, which they pay so well in Stoke-on-Trent, to the good will of Mr. Maudling. Dame Irene Ward fought as gallantly as ever the battle of the North-East. But Lord Hinchingbrooke was against the whole bag of tricks. It was no business of Government to try to control where industry located itself. Let these questions of location settle themselves by the law of supply and demand. One wonders whether Lord Hinchingbrooke was abroad in London's streets on Monday. Still, the House likes his brave battle. It always likes a good loser—provided that it is quite sure that he is going to lose.

The Lords, turning from divorced wives' sisters, had a useful debate about refugees. Naturally enough, unlike Coolidge on sin, everyone was for them, but this impressive "What do I do now?" and unanimous tribute to the need for action is just what the House of Lords is for. Lady Elliott introduced it and did it all very well, but she was engagingly frank in her public confession of unacquaintance with the procedure of the House which she has now come to adorn. "My lords, I beg leave to withdraw the motion. Is that right? What do I do now?" is one of the most engaging perorations to which a deliberative assembly can ever have listened.

After six days of sitting and earnest debating, the standing committee on the Betting Bill was at last able to reach a conclusion of the first amendment to the first clause—Mr. Paget's amendment—to legalize street betting. Their conclusion was to reject it after having expressed the general opinion that it would certainly go on whether it was permitted or not. At this pace one wonders when, if ever, this bill will become law, but there seems a general agreement that time has not been wholly wasted and that Members have learnt a lot from one another about how to bet. Many people, thought Mr. Chuter Ede, regarded it as one of their essential liberties to break the law, and that being so, the committee could not agree with Mr. McAdden that it would be a good thing to deprive them of this liberty by suspending the Street Betting Act for three years and then having an inquiry to see how they were getting on without it. It looks as though, even if there are not any betting shops anywhere else, there will at least be one established at Westminster.

— PERCY SOMERSET



"IT'S INTERESTING, HONEST, AMUSING—BUT THAT'S ALL
A TASTE OF HONEY: Wyndham's."

Hampstead and Highgate Express

Amazing that it caught on, really.



Problem Parents

Q. My mother has developed the distressing habit of not listening properly to my questions. She will say things like "Has it?" and "Are you, darling?" to such questions as "Mummy, why isn't it snowing?" even going so far as to hurry away upstairs. What shall I do? **UPSET.**

A. This is a common fault, particularly in mothers with more than one child, and it need not, if taken in time, cause serious anxiety. I expect you have tried following the mother about, whining loudly? This, though often successful in rousing her mind from her work, seldom produces a truthful and comprehensive reply. In your case I should wait until Mother is comfortably settled in a chair with a book, and then repeat *all* your questions in a low, insistent monotone before she has a chance to start reading. This method nearly always works, especially with mothers grounded on the excellent "never frustrate budding intellectual curiosity" principle.

Q. My Dad often uses words and expressions which, when he hears me say them, make him go red, and shout. I realize that at his stage of growth one cannot expect rational behaviour; but is there no way of preventing these distressing outbursts, which, I am sure, are bad for him? **SOLICITOUS.**

A. Pay particular attention to your Dad's language when you have just spilt your milk on his trousers or shut the car door on his thumb. *These* will be the operative words, to be used by you only on comparable occasions, and

preferably out of his hearing. This may seem a trifle feeble to you, **Solicitous**, but we must bear in mind the peculiar sensitivities and egotisms of fathers, and be prepared to treat them with more flexibility than we should accord to our equals.

Q. My Mum has read in some fool magazine that sweets between meals are bad for me. All the other people's Mums buy them iced lollies every time they go to shop, but now mine won't. Ought we to censor what our parents read? **HOWLING MAD.**

A. Yes, without doubt I should keep an eye on your Mum's reading and remove, as unobtrusively as possible, all undesirable matter. If you have no access to an open fire, try mixing up the

offending paper with flour and water in one of the saucepans, for use as papier mâché in models of churches, etc. Mum can hardly blame you for doing something so constructive, and your purpose will be served. As to the iced lollies, just keep on howling.

Q. Both my parents tend to bring noisy friends of their own age to the house, and to natter and hoot with them for hours about matters of no interest whatever. I can hardly get a word in edgewise. Should we control our parents' choice of friends and use of free time? **IRREPRESSIBLE.**

A. I daresay you have tried all the standard methods—climbing on furniture, rolling on the floor, shouting "Look at me" etc.? Possibly this has led to your being hustled out of the room with disagreeable references to "showing off." Some parents are remarkably quick in these things, and in your case a more massive diversion in your favour seems to be necessary. Try dropping a whole tray of glasses while "helping" with the drinks. This should gain you plenty of attention and possibly even break up the party. You should not have much more trouble after this.

Yours unscrupulously,

CAUTION FAYRF

Superannuation of the Twin-Set

IT would not be true to say that the twin-set is dead, but one cannot say it is alive. Fashionably, it succumbed long ago; and its survival in the counties can only be attributed to the cult of the classic and the notion that anything Americans go mad for is madly worth having. But even the Americans, despite their worship of quaint old English customs, are beginning to lose loyalty to the twin-set. Commodious cupboards in centrally heated apartments have become crammed with unworn short-sleeved jerseys which never will be worn. Wool over wool is too hot, too bulking; so their twin cardigans have been worn over shirts and blouses. Wiser now, the British classics they demand are separate cardigans or "golfers."

Classic, in the language of fashion, means unchanging and established; something which has reached the point not of no return but of no go on. Our mothers bequeathed us the classic tailored suit, the classic country felt, the classic raincoat, and the twin-set. To our daughters we shall bequeath the shirtwaister dress and the classic ball-gown. If all women wore classics there would be no more fashion. The S.O.S. appeal of femininity would be reduced to pitiful little semaphores, to tentative intimations such as a diamanté clip in the lapel, a jay's feather tucked in the hat ribbon, a posy of flowers pinned, in hope or heartache, to the bodice of a dress.

Such a sorry state of affairs, however, is most unlikely to occur. Social,

financial and biological interests will keep fashion alive. Indeed in knitwear to-day the Dame has never been so skittish. She has kicked out the British twin-set and welcomed fresh advances from warmer-blooded countries. Scottish firms, drawn by the flame of Continental styling, send their designers beach-combing abroad. Each season Pringle show some eighty new styles to knitwear buyers; and this spring their new colours include absinthe, amethyst, and geranium—"a lively hot pink." Lively and hot: that is something new out of Scotland! Dressmaker collars sway away from wide necklines, buttons are intentional accents, pockets consequential; there are chic little shirtmaker sweaters. And because to-day's smart look is a one-piece look, Pringle (and also Jacqmar) now make skirts in tweeds exactly toning with their sweaters.

Classics and neo-classics (a trade term for classics with such shy diversities as a collar to the cardigan) still account for three quarters of the knit-

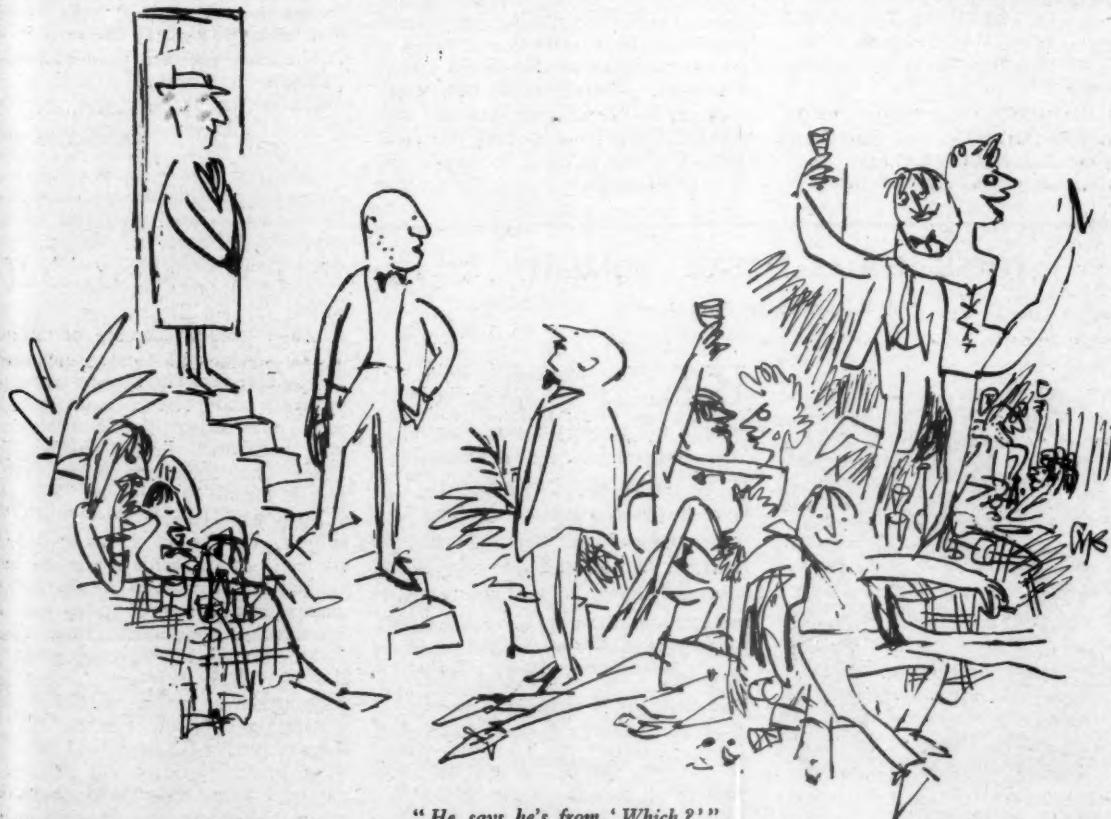
wear in provincial shops; and also in the London stores, because overseas visitors *must* go home with Scottish classics. But it is different in the little fashion shops. La Strada Boutique in Hanover Street has not had a twin-set for over two years. Here, the loose straight jacket with collar and pockets is the thing; and you can have a suit in double-knit jersey made to measure at double speed. Pullovers are long, resting gently on the hips. And they are smooth: angora, mohair, brushed wool, and all the shaggies are gone. V-necks have come.

Yes, the V-neck, so long so matronly, is now beloved of youth! The main movement of the mode is always predictable, but such little eddies never cease to tease. The psychology of sweaters is a study in itself. There was a time, in the 1930s, when everyone suddenly wore their cardigans back to front; and another when they hung from the shoulders with empty sleeves. Loose jumpers became short jerseys, jerseys became sweaters, and Lolo-

shaped sweaters have become bottomless sacks. It is an expression of something more than fashion . . . at studio parties one senses a spiritual tie-up between the young men with tangled beards and the young girls in matted mohair.

At least to-day's studio fashions cannot be censored as improper. These huge concealing sweaters, these thick coloured stockings, long straight hair, simple wool chemises and prudent pinafore frocks are straight from the nursery. The Bazaar Boutique of Knightsbridge and Chelsea, so post-Picasso, has thick-knit pants from Austria, exactly like toddlers' winter leggings. They also have the Hug-me-tight. This is an all-in-one combination garment, seemingly seamless, which covers the wearer closely from throat to wrists to ankles, just like a stockinette doll. In scarlet jersey, the Hug-me-tight's message must be intended as daring; yet surely it is a most undangerous garment—unless regarded as a challenge.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM



"He says he's from 'Which?'"

criticism



BOOKING OFFICE

Cartomania

Pictures in the Post. The Story of the Picture Postcard. Richard Carline. *Gordon Fraser, 21/-*

ONE day in the 'nineties Norman and Mabel on holiday wrote home to mother:

Far above Paris we send you a line. Sunday thought it is, we have ascended the Eiffel Tower. The views are simply magnificent.

These brief words were written on the back of a piece of stiff paper bearing a picture of the Eiffel Tower. Like everybody else, Norman and Mabel could not resist the thrill of posting a message from so daring a height, and thus was the picture postcard born. People have forgotten what a craze it was once, in the days before popular photography and the cinema. Mr. Carline's little history is a charming reminder.

At the turn of the century cartophiles had their clubs and journals in every country, and there was no end to their ingenuity. A lady of Syracuse in

Sicily collected twenty-six thousand different postcards. A Norwegian author of eighty-five wrote an entire novel on a standard card. In Paris a daily newspaper was published in this form. In 1890 a British postcard went round the world in fifty-three days, handsomely beating any time made by a human being. The editor of *The Picture Postcard Magazine of Travel, Philately and Art* was enabled to say with confidence:

Rarely has it been given to prophet to see his prophesies so soon fulfilled, or to dreamer his vision so fully realized, as it has been ours to see the day of small beginnings burst into power and beauty as the English postcard movement has done.

Inevitably, such a revolutionary movement had its enemies among the old order. One faction claimed that to send a postcard was ill-bred, as being a gesture of meanness towards the person addressed. These critics were confounded by Gladstone himself, who always corresponded by card, and once announced that he owed his long life to this simple invention. Again, there was

the question of privacy, with the danger that servants might learn the secrets of their masters. Postcards were often blamed for the decline of letter-writing. "They are utterly destructive of style," said a contemporary, "and give absolutely no play to the emotions." However, it seemed that most people had nothing to say anyway. This led to the introduction of the famous "Write Away" series, which Mr. Carline describes:

In these cards, the title of the picture formed the beginning of a sentence printed in imitation handwriting. A typical example shows a footballer receiving the ball from a powerful kick full in his stomach. Above is written "It struck me rather forcibly," and the purchaser of the card has continued the message in the same style of writing "that I ought to wish you a merry Christmas."

The early postcard publishers were endlessly resourceful. Nobody remembers Max Ettlinger now, with his musical cards, his jumping cards, and his "Real Bird" series with actual feathers and glass eyes. It was he who persuaded Joe Chamberlain to approve an election postcard portraying himself entitled "Cock of the Walk" which emitted a squeaking sound when squeezed. Another publisher had cards woven in silk, and at one time his selection included the Crystal Palace, W. G. Grace, and, so inappropriately, Lady Godiva. There were perfumed postcards and postcards with spangles stuck on; cards with cigars attached and cards with lipstick for sending kisses. The publishers were getting desperate, and by 1914 the craze was over.

Mr. Carline conveys the charm of his subject, but he is a rather solemn student. If the cards are to be considered as examples of folk art, as he claims, surely few of them can be accounted of much distinction. Need they be classified in this way at all? In the days when they were bought and exchanged with active pleasure, surely it was uninhibitedly for the sake of those marvellous bosoms and behinds, those pretty pinafores and pantaloons and picture hats, those sheikhs and milkmaids and geisha girls. If some of the

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



21.—J. ALAN WHITE

BORN 1905, Joined Methuen's at the age of nineteen and became a director ten years later. Was assistant to the chairman, E. V. Lucas, that *Punch* stalwart. Over the years made a surprising metamorphosis from mere editorial functions to those of a tycoon, and is now chairman of Methuen and managing director of Associated Book Publishers Ltd., who own Methuen, Chapman & Hall, and Eyre & Spottiswoode. Is proud of *all* the books he has published, except that he couldn't care less whodunit.

cards have a special interest, perhaps it is a more curious one. Needless to say, the Germans are at the head of the field here. What are we to make of the specimen reproduced by Mr. Carline that shows twenty-four new-born babies amid the débris of the egg-shells from which they have been hatched by a team of roosters? From one shell twins are seen emerging. Two of the babies are wearing top-hats, and one a Homburg.

— PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW FICTION

The Negotiators. Francis Walder. *Heinemann*, 13/6
The Sword and the Promise. Benjamin Siegel. *Gollancz*, 16/-
An Aspidistra in Babylon. H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6
Friday's Footprint. Nadine Gordimer. *Gollancz*, 16/-

IN the chambers and gardens of the palace at St. Germain *The Negotiators* finesses until they produce a treaty that gives the Huguenots the four towns that Catherine de Medici had been prepared all along to allow them. The description of the setting and the personalities of the diplomats is done with stylish verve, the reflections on the nature of diplomacy, of which this treaty-making is offered as an example, are delivered with tremendous assurance, and both the novelty of the design and the continuously interesting way the detail of the argument is presented make it understandable that the little book should have won the *Prix Goncourt*. It is partly an argument for using professionals to narrow areas of disagreement by employing technical skills, partly a savagely ironical attack on this kind of bloodless human engineering. The narrator's self-satisfied foxiness is momentarily shaken when the despised military grandeé who is the official figurehead of his delegation bursts out with an unbearably vivid condemnation of war. Much as I enjoyed the novel, I felt its implications were less cosmic than its author hoped, and I got a bit tired of his constant nudging.

The Sword and the Promise is an historical novel with as much blood and intrigue and social history as *The Last Days of Pompeii* or *Quo Vadis*? but with more politics, psychology and sex. One cannot imagine Lord Lytton's describing either a *de-circumcision* or the agony of mind preceding a man's decision to separate himself from his racial past. The narrator is a Greek physician who is captured, enslaved and branded by the Romans and then escapes and hides among the Jews in Alexandria. Only among outcasts can an outcast live. Finally he becomes a Jew and fights in Palestine. The various changes of allegiance, Jews becoming Gentiles, Gentiles becoming Jews, slaves supporting the Romans, Egyptian priests becoming monotheists, make points and a

pattern without holding up the flow of exciting events. To call the book entertaining and thought-provoking sounds patronizing and hostile: but entertaining and thought-provoking is what, in fact, it is.

Mr. Bates provides the contemporary reader with some of the pleasures of professionalism that an older generation gained from Mr. Maugham. His weaknesses are a liking for lushness in personal relations and a preoccupation with new ways of describing twigs. He is not an intellectual, theoretical, moral writer but almost entirely a sensuous one. His great strength is unfashionable curiosity. Nobody else can tell a poorish story so masterfully, gripping the reader's attention by the force of his own passionate interest in people and places, in the world outside himself. These four long-short stories are set in a seaside garrison town, the Italian lakes, a fruit-growing district in England, and Tahiti. Each of them is a bit like some other story one has read; each of them contains some completely original event or relationship or observation.

Friday's Footprint is disappointing. These short stories have the Gordimer mannerisms but not the Gordimer voice. There is still the eye for the look of South Africa and the power of dramatising social tensions; but the one overtly political story, "Something for the Time Being," shows how much better a harsh, firm outline suits Miss Gordimer than a belated Mansfield tinkle of subtleties and impressions and little tricks with points of view. As her early work showed, she has a strong intellect, passionate loyalties and a very individual literary personality. Behind some of these wisps lie brilliantly original constructions of events; but they need to be facing violent sunlight, not to be veiled in even the best gauze.

—R. G. G. PRICE

BLOOD COUNT

No Grave for a Lady. John and Emery Bonett. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6. Nice, old-fashioned structure, with a quotation at the start of each chapter. Fabulous German film-star of the 'thirties (? Hitler's mistress) found murdered beneath children's sand-castle before prodigious flash-back reveals that almost everyone on the Island of Lyonesse had a motive. Plotting respectable, and if everyone talks to each other a bit too easily it still makes for amusing conversation. Accurate children.

The Golden Deed. André Garve. *Crime Club Choice*, 10/6. Large, easy-spoken ex-officer saves life of rich man's son, comes to stay and turns nasty. Nastiness involves the neighbours until, in an explosion of violence, he is disposed of. Tension up to that moment considerable, and the unravelling to a guessable conclusion tidily done.

Place of Shadows. Kage Batoon. *Gollancz*, 13/6. Woman returns to visit



close girlhood friend, but finds she had killed herself six years before. Suicide begins to seem less likely, and there's enough money about to justify several murders. Sure enough more murders follow in thickly suspicious atmosphere until the heroine is cornered and rescued for a ludicrous happy ending. American setting. Very talented prose.

The Face of the Tiger. Ursula Curtiss. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 12/6. Secretary of delightfully hand-to-mouth American country club has a past. She was once only just acquitted of fatal kidnapping, and works under assumed name. Now mysterious voice on telephone claims to know all; soon a body is found behind her hut; then her protectress's baby is kidnapped. Plenty of suspects in Christie-like fashion, and bags of suspense.

Johnny Goes South. Desmond Cory. *Frederick Muller*, 12/6. Johnny Fedora, a freelance adventurer working country somewhere between the Saint and James Bond (but less flash than one, less knowing than the other) is hired to protect political leader in revolted Argentinian State, but his charge is killed before he can start. Much of the book consists of Fedora's relentless questioning of the murderer, while remaining political leaders manœuvre to double-cross each other. Burst of exciting action at end. Perfunctory sex.

Until the Day She Dies. J. Maclare-Ross. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6. Entertaining but lop-sided account of hidden murderer's several attempts to kill heroine for undisclosed motive. She's a bit dotty too, but is protected by narrator (who can nevertheless recount her thoughts). Lots of hints of horror, in the manner of Victorian ghostmongers, but not much grue. Scene London and Oxford. Splendid bravura conversations in pubs.

— PETER DICKINSON

CREDIT BALANCE

Harvest of Journeys. Hammond Innes. *Collins*, 18/-.

Pleasant and straightforward travel sketches about Arabia, Norway, Morocco, the Low Countries and Canada, which Mr. Innes visited in search of backgrounds for his novels. The last section describes small boat sailing in the Channel and shows Mr. Innes as the very professional writer of exciting narrative rather than the agreeable amateur of travel.

Subterfuge. Charles Eric Maine. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6.

Noted SF practitioner turns his hand to a straight thriller with only slight scientific overtones. Tough fast story of an improbable reporter's investigation into the mystery of a sick scientist. Some staggering coincidences, but never mind.

The Panther's Feast. Robert Asprey. *Cape*, 21/-.

The life of Alfred Redl, a queer Austro-Hungarian staff officer who became a spy for the Russians. Appallingly written in sensational style, but a fascinating story all the same.

AT THE PLAY

The Wrong Side of the Park
(CAMBRIDGE)

The More the Merrier (STRAND)
Measure for Measure (OXFORD)

JOHN MORTIMER'S first full-length play, *The Wrong Side of the Park*, is as interesting as, on the promise of his shorter pieces, one hoped it would be. It explores an unhappy marriage with

great subtlety and gives Margaret Leighton a big and testing part which she takes to perfection.

She is the neurotic wife of a sober young civil servant, living with in-laws in a shabby house in Kilburn. Like a Tennessee Williams girl, she lives in a mixed-up past in which she worships the memory of her first husband and the wonderful fun they had together in the wartime society of a Norfolk airfield. She remembers him as masterful and splendid, and compared with him her present husband, submissive and full of niggling industry, seems a poor fish. At first he seems so to us, too; but gradually Mr. Mortimer makes us aware of deeper currents below the surface. A glib young man who comes to lodge with the family reminds the girl of her dead hero and inadvertently sparks off a crisis in which we learn the truth. Her first marriage was in fact a ghastly failure, and it is her feeling of guilt which has driven her so close to madness that she confuses one marriage with the other. The civil servant is not so weak as we had thought; he is immensely kind and patient, and for years has been carrying the burden of her hysteria without complaint.

Mr. Mortimer keeps us waiting a long time for his explanation, but at least he makes the waiting amply amusing. His sense of comic character blossoms memorably in the father-in-law who haunts the psychic sections of the public library and

at night critically reviews his findings; Charles Heslop gives the old man a ripe humanity. The lodger's salesmanship is made very persuasive in a clever performance by Robert Stephens; the heroine's sister, who has had a baby by a photographer now fled to Kensington and who flinches at the idea of thought, is taken with delightful vacuity by Wendy Craig, and Joyce Carey crisply supplies a pragmatic mother-in-law with a mind like a cheap alarm-clock.

I quarrel with the casting of Richard Johnson as the husband to this extent, that one cannot imagine him as the kind of plodder who would come home from a Government office to go on mulling over forms; but the weakness was in the writing, too, for the man proved himself too intelligent and large-minded for that. Otherwise Mr. Johnson is admirably sensitive, and extremely skilful in the slow revealing of his true position. But

REP SELECTION

Library, Manchester, *The Merchant of Venice*, until March 12th.

Colchester Rep, *Twelfth Night*, until February 20th.

Playhouse, Salisbury, *Hot Summer Night*, until February 13th.

Playhouse, Sheffield, *Sailor Beware!* until February 20th.

really it is Miss Leighton's evening. No actress can register silent, abject misery so poignantly as she; it wrings one's heart to look at her. She conveys with marvellous delicacy the febrile gaiety of the hysterical.

This is a play not to be missed. It has brilliantly funny passages as well as some that are profoundly pathetic, and in Peter Hall's production the swiftness of transition is very effective. Mr. Mortimer has a rare understanding of the little things that can seem to matter most, and his dialogue is unusual.

All the characters appear to be synthetic in *The More the Merrier*, a comedy by Ronald Millar in which Anna Neagle is elegantly a temperamental actress dithering between two marriages. Having just got rid of No. 1, and with No. 2 all lined up, she is pushed back towards No. 1 by a sister's strategies, only to warm to No. 2 again when the ruse is found out. And so on. The impetus of the first act is never again fully recovered, and in the third Mr. Millar sinks to a very hoary old ploy. His writing is patchy; at its best lightly entertaining. It would need to be still more agile to carry this play to success, for our sympathies are so little engaged by his foolish people that we don't care what happens to them. Miss Neagle does what she can for the moronic heroine, and John Robinson and Gordon Tanner give pleasant studies of two contrasting types of husband. Honours, however, go to Jane Baxter, who brightens things up considerably as the scheming sister, and to a young recruit



[*The Wrong Side of the Park*

Elaine Lee—MARGARET LEIGHTON,

to the West End, Tracey Lloyd, who makes a palpable hit as an *enfant terrible* fresh from the Left Bank.

This year's major O.U.D.S. production struck no new spark out of *Measure for Measure*; indeed its producers, Merlin Thomas and Kenneth Loach, leaned to no particular explanation of the Duke's extraordinary conduct. The story therefore unrolled as a straight piece of intrigue which appeared to affect the people of Vienna very little, and we were left to swallow, if we could, the Duke's own insufficient reasons for snooping on his citizens from behind a friar's cowl. Mr. Loach himself took Angelo; the tight-lipped puritan was there all right, but when his iniquities were discovered and his shame exposed he behaved, I thought, too calmly. Neil Stacy's Duke was quite impressive, and would have been more so if he had not been given the quavering voice of an old man—a trick that wore thin. I liked Ben Bradnack's Claudio, but the most successful of the serious parts was Isabella, whose agonies Elizabeth Gordon contrived to convey in some depth. The comics all knew their business—Richard Hampton's amusing Lucio, Roland Macleod's absurd Elbow and Roger Smith's confident spiv Pompey. First-night inhibitions left behind, this production probably improved out of all recognition by the end of the week.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Rosmersholm (Comedy—25/11/59), not to be missed. *A Clean Kill* (Criterion—23/12/59), ingenious new crime play: last few days. *Look Who's Here!* (Fortune—27/1/60), witty intimate revue.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Fall—Operation Petticoat

NOT many people—in this country, anyway—who see the Argentinian *La Caida, or The Fall* (Director: Leopoldo Torre Nilsson), will take it on the terms suggested by the title, as a story about a young girl student in Buenos Aires and her fight to retain her independence of spirit and not to "fall" to any of the attacks on it. Most will take it as a story mainly concerned with four young children living as they like, with practically no adult control whatever. These children and their household represent, in the structure of the narrative, merely one of the influences that threaten the girl's independence; but it's axiomatic that children will steal



Dolores Crandall—JOAN O'BRIEN

Admiral Matt Sherman—CARY GRANT

a picture anyway, and the apparent brilliance of these young performers and the mere fact that the story calls for them to be on the screen for most of the film's length certainly ensure that they steal this one.

The title is in fact unjustified: there is no "fall" in the film as shown, though one is free to assume that it happens after the fadeout. At the beginning the girl (Elsa Daniel) takes a room in the children's house. The mother is there, but bedridden, almost helpless with asthma and other ills, and the children are running their own lives with the irresponsibility of children, doing almost exactly what they like. One of them, a quite small boy, is earning money—by selling with enormous aplomb in a street market things that an ordinary small boy would never get his hands on or even think about; he is the bread-winner. By this and some of the other things she finds the children doing, such as bathing together naked, the girl is rather more shocked than most people in non-Catholic countries would be. For instance the occasion when she discovers that they take Communion without confession, which is obviously meant to seem a quite shattering experience for her, must strike more than half an English audience as merely an interesting curiosity.

Her feelings of responsibility to the children and of guilt when the mother dies because of their unthinking neglect form the influence hardest for her to resist; more obvious ones are the attentions of two men, first a lawyer impatient at her preoccupation with them, then the children's idolized uncle who comes home unexpectedly. It is very hard to give a proper idea of the

theme in a short space, and to be honest I'm not sure I would have grasped it myself without the help of the synopsis. The film is from a novel (by Beatriz Guido), and the scope and length of a novel—and the time taken to read it—are really needed to get its point over. But on the surface, as a picture of an extraordinary household, the piece is remarkably interesting, and it has been made continuously striking cinematically.

It would be very easy to jeer at *Operation Petticoat* (Director: Blake Edwards) by flatly describing what it is about, but the fact remains that it is very skilfully done in all departments and adds up to a highly enjoyable, amusing comedy.

It is the Captain's Journal of the *Sea Tiger*, a U.S. submarine, which as the film opens is about to be scrapped. Her war-time commander (Cary Grant) comes aboard on the fatal morning, reads his old Journal, and recalls the submarine's hilarious history, from the day in December 1941 when a surprise attack sank her at her moorings at Manila. The authorities said "Two weeks to get her afloat or we blow her up," and the desperately labouring crew were getting nowhere till the arrival of Lt. Holden (Tony Curtis), a superlatively efficient scrounger—to put it no lower, for most of the devices by which he got the necessary equipment amounted in effect to plain theft. But the tone, the atmosphere of the picture as it were disinfects it; both in this regard and when it comes to the brief sequences involving enemy action. I have before now objected to the inclusion of realistic battle sequences in something meant to be a comedy, but the question is how

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema." Gaumont Cinema, Coventry.
 "Punch with Wings." Queens Buildings, London Central. Airport



RICHARD WATTIS

HATTIE JACQUES

ERIC SYKES

well the comic tone is established and how well it is held.

The main point, as indicated by the title, is the presence (no room to explain how) of several attractive women on a fighting submarine, and though the situation is milked for all it is worth the detail is done with intelligence, imagination and good taste by all concerned. The whole thing is on the edge of farce, but it remains a comedy, with plenty of genuine human character. Mere momentary entertainment, but excellently done; I liked it.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *The Fall of Serengeti Shall Not Die*, another impressive plea for the wild life of Africa by the makers of *No Room for Wild Animals*. The most satisfactorily enjoyable film in London I think is Bergman's *Waiting Women* (3/2/60), and most notable of the others is the haunting *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (20/1/60). *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (3/2/60) is a very funny bit of nineteenth-century science fiction. *Our Man in Havana* (13/1/60) nears the end of its run; Disney's *White Wilderness* ("Survey," 6/1/60), and *Ben-Hur* (30/12/59) continue.

Releases: *Anatomy of a Murder* (14/10/59), an immensely entertaining account of a trial; *Pillow Talk* (27/1/60), a very gay comedy; and *The Scarface Mob* ("Survey," 3/2/60).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Sykes and Jacques

IT is always a critical moment in a television artist's career when he is "given his own show." In so many cases it has meant the end of originality, a descent to makeshifts and the second-best—not to be wondered at, really, when you consider the treadmill existence of a star performer with a relentlessly regular programme. I never had any fears about Eric Sykes in this respect, and after seeing "Sykes and a Telephone" (BBC), the first offering in his series, I have found no solid reason for changing my mind. We are to have "domestic situation comedy," it seems, lifted out of its rut by the inspired madness of Sykes and Hattie Jacques. (Inspired, that is, by strict and solemn observation of what goes on in the world: there will be no witless fooling here; the most outrageous laughs are to spring from gracefully exaggerated comment on the humours of everyday living.) Miss Jacques, as always, was a joy. Johnny Speight's script for this first item gave her plenty of opportunity and was well suited to the curious comic talents of Mr. Sykes—although I cannot help feeling that if Mr. Sykes had written it himself he would have made his part—probably with advantage—a shade more bizarre. I missed his clodhopping boots, for one thing. He has had to temper his wide-eyed, clumsy, eager sloppiness—a universal figure, belonging nowhere and

everywhere—to fit the role of a light-comedy suburbanite character. If there is a weakness, this is it. I hope that as the series progresses he may be given a chance to let himself go a little farther. Meanwhile, congratulations to the two main participants. Richard Wattis, I suspect, is using a stage rather than a television acting technique: he is too big. Dennis Main Wilson's production showed a tendency to drag here and there.

Among the independent companies Granada has long been the favourite with viewers who tire easily of cops and cowboys. It is the commercial company which has most severely challenged the BBC in the matter of keeping standards high in all branches of television entertainment—without any of the BBC's occasional prissiness, if sometimes with a gritty, uncomfortable harshness of its own. I am sorry to notice, therefore, that two of its regular programmes seem to be slipping. "Chelsea at Nine," once regarded as the Royal Court Theatre of TV variety, is now just another humdrum dance-and-comedy show, no better than any and worse than some. What became of the zest and sparkle on the production side of this enterprise? Where is the sense of adventure? It's time to spring-clean the office and open up a few more windows. As for "What the Papers Say," originally one of Granada's most dashing notions, the dead hand of monotony is gradually bringing it low. The commentators invited to conduct this weekly tilt at Fleet Street are less acid and irreverent than they used to be. And there is nothing more irritating than to have a news paragraph read aloud (not always very accurately) by an off-screen actor, while the paragraph itself, blown up to an enormous size, is held in front of the camera. Surely most viewers by now can read a few simple sentences for themselves? Let's have either television or sound radio: we don't want it both ways.

"Farson's Guide to the British" (A.-R.) shows signs of barrel-scraping. This is surprising, for Mr. Farson, although a rather self-conscious interrogator, has previously shown a flair for illuminating odd aspects of life in these islands. His Notting Hill piece was dull, jerky and without spice. He should be encouraged to cast his net ever wider—and, like so many other people on this advertisement-hoarding of a channel, he should be given longer than a quarter of an hour in which to develop his ideas.

— HENRY TURTON

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